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# SOUTHERN LITERARY JOURNAL.

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## CONDITION AND PROSPECTS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

THE influence of a popular national literature upon the social and political condition of those among whom it exists, is correctly regarded as of the highest importance. In a country like our own, where the sovereign power, in practice no less than in theory, resides in the people, it is necessary that the people should be intelligent. On this foundation only can the fabric of our institutions firmly rest. On this account, our country requires for its highest prosperity, a popular literature of a peculiar kind; a literature deserving the name of American, alike in its range of subjects, and its tone of feeling.

The intellectual history of the United States is singular, and almost unprecedented. Other nations have emerged, step by step, from barbarism, and, in the course of centuries, obtained successive heights of mental advancement. But we, from our earliest period of colonial existence, have possessed a share in the intelligence of older communities. With English frames and English courage, our forefathers bore across the Atlantic, English manners, civilization and literature. True, the lighter graces of poetry and fiction were not held in high regard either by the stern puritans of the North, or the first hardy adventurers of the South. Yet there was an intellectual spirit among our early settlers—an intellectual spirit like the men in whom it existed, of a vigorous growth, able to encounter successfully the dangers of migration to a foreign shore. The language too, of English literature was theirs; and as their first arduous toil gave place to a period of greater quiet, and the village rose where the forest had stood, the treasures of gifted minds beyond the Atlantic were received and appreciated.

But in that colonial state, few productions of original genius could be expected to appear. Forming a portion of the British Empire, the colonies had no separate character to maintain. All that they could contribute to the rich stores of English literature would be too unimportant to attract notice, when placed beside the works of their more favoured brethren. The colonies were too poor to encourage genius in its higher departments; and thus their situation excluded the influence of those motives, which have been found most powerful in exciting to mental activity—the hope of personal wealth and fame, and the ambition of adding to the glory of their country.

But our separation from England was at length effected, and the United States commenced their independent existence; between three and four millions of people, with half a continent to divide among them. The spirit of

adventure took possession of all classes. The cultivation of the fields, and the prosecution of commerce, the discovery and appropriation of unexplored tracts in the boundless West, the regulation of state and national affairs in the numerous Legislatures, and in Congress, afforded objects for the expanding talent of the nation, too numerous to leave many candidates for the honors of authorship. We could leave to English writers the supply of our literary food, but our daily bread was to be earned, our wildernesses explored and occupied, and our complex system of government administered, by ourselves. This state of things has continued from the Revolution to the present time; it has called off our ablest minds from the cultivation of literature to the field of active enterprise or of politics, and although productions honorable to our country have occasionally appeared, it has contributed to retain us, to a great degree, dependent on foreign lands to supply the demands of an increasing literary taste.

But if these causes have, for a time, prevented the development of exalted genius, they have been silently contributing to render us a nation of readers. The interest which every citizen among us is called on to take in the political affairs of his country, has given to the periodical press an importance far beyond what it possesses in any other nation; and though its influence may have been sometimes abused, it has proved invaluable in leading the mass of the community to think and to read. The taste, thus created, is not of course the most solid or the most refined; the reader of gazettes does not at once become a deep student, but he soon begins to derive pleasure from those departments of literature which are most easily accessible. A general demand is thus originated for works of a light and popular character; and this demand finds its chief supply in the republications from the popular authors of the day in England. Of their writings, some few are highly valuable, and some as decidedly of injurious tendency; but a large proportion may claim the praise of yielding, to say the least, innocent entertainment. With some few exceptions, our native popular writers conform themselves to the models thus afforded them, sometimes it may be with less of liveliness, but generally with at least as much purity of sentiment.

In Great-Britain, the golden age of Byron, and Scott, in poetry, has passed away; Campbell, and Wordsworth, and Southey, the voluptuous Moore, the amiable Montgomery, with many of their contemporaries, survive; but they appear to have outlived their poetical inspiration. The novelist has succeeded to the poet, and without assenting to all the charges which have been alleged against writers of romance, we have reason to fear that the change is for the worse. There is something spiritual in the character of poetry, something remote from ordinary life, which prevents its visions from enfeebling while they elevate. Our minds are kindled, excited, ennobled by a fine poem; but when we lay it aside, we return without repining to the common duties of life. The unreal nature of that world of fancy in which we have been wandering, is too obvious to permit us to bring the world, as it is, into unfavorable comparison with it. It is not so with the modern popular novel. There actions are pourtrayed in which we might have engaged; words are spoken which we might have uttered; all the splendor of wealth, and the charms of ideal beauty, are dazzlingly placed before us; the spirit

of wild adventure, which gives its interest to the scene, is infused into ourselves, till we pant to be heroes in actual romances of our own. The habitual perusal of such works can hardly be advantageous to an individual, or a prevailing taste for them desirable in a community. And when they introduce us to such circles as are occasionally to be found in England, circles where the vacuity of high life has tainted every thing with heartlessness, or the necessities of extreme poverty have given occasion to the basest of crimes, when they bring before us in fancy, scenes to which in reality we are happily strangers, then are they instruments in the degradation of public morals, and should be repressed by the indignant censure of a virtuous community.

From that censure, however, he who first gave to fictitious narrative its present unbounded popularity, and over whose remains the grave has so recently closed, must by every candid judge be exempted. The pen of Walter Scott has never been employed to sanction vice, or mock at virtue, and his life was spent at peace with all mankind, and as far as mortals have the means of judging, at peace with God. The works of Scott will remain among the most highly valued treasures of his country's genius, to future years, but the present age has received from them an impulse in some respects unfortunate. The new field of literature, opened by that master spirit, has proved but too tempting; writers with but a small portion of Scott's genius, or of his purity, have attempted to tread in his steps, till the world has been deluged with extravagant fictions, and sober, rational literature has been driven almost beyond human remembrance.

But it was not alone the genius of one great author, which has led the taste of the age to such an extent into the channel of fiction. As the reading public has increased in numbers, beyond all former experience, the species of supply it required has been of the more superficial kind. Comparatively few would be interested in philosophical or descriptive works, or even enter with full zest on the enjoyment of a poetical production; while thousands will lightly skim the pages of the last new novel. The public demand, and the species of composition which is thus assimilated to it, have continued and increased each other, until an universal taste for easy reading may with truth be regarded as the distinguishing trait in the literature of the day. Nor has this tendency been confined to the class of writings to which reference has already been made. History, learning, science, are all made easy—and happy is it that they are so.

The learning of our day and our nation, may perhaps compare with that of former centuries, as the pocket volumes which are now found in every house compare with the heavy quartos and folios which, in past days, loaded the shelves of literati. But where the folios found a single reader, the pocket-volumes have found a thousand. General intelligence has increased, if deep learning has diminished.

Such is the mental condition of our country and our age. Thousands read, but very few read deeply; all think, but except on political subjects, very few think deeply. The newspaper, the popular novel, the cheap volume of entertaining knowledge, all these have contributed to meet, but without fully satisfying, the universal desire for intellectual occupation.

The time, if it has not yet arrived, is rapidly approaching, when the general demand will create for itself a more liberal supply; when American authors will produce works suited to the taste and wants of American readers; when our country will cease to be dependent, for its intellectual support, on transatlantic writers, with transatlantic feelings, prejudices and tastes. Contemplating the future existence of an independent American literature, we turn our thoughts to the important question, what that literature ought to be.

It is by no means in forgetfulness of the distinguished writers who already exist among us, that we speak of our national literary character as yet to be formed. We acknowledge the distinguished genius of many among our native authors; but we would see that genius still more extensively developed. We look forward to the golden age of our literature as still to come: its progress may be gradual, but when it dawns, we anticipate a brighter intellectual day than ever yet has blessed the human race.

It seems like repeating a truism to assert that our literature must be American; but in that word lies a depth of meaning, not at the first glance perceived. Our authors must be American, and their works too must partake the character. Not that a groundless bigotry of national pride should make us unwilling to acknowledge the excellence of genius, wherever it appears; not that we should hesitate to learn of older nations, but because those only who have lived among us, and have imbibed the spirit of our institutions, can adapt their works to our situation and our feelings. The English author writes for English readers; his pictures of life are English, his ideas are English; and they correspond but in part to the different developments of character and manners among us. It is essential to the utility of a work, that there be a sympathy, a correspondence of feeling between the author and his readers; and this cannot fully exist, where they are of different nations and under different forms of government. Does a writer undertake to correct the standard of public morals? He must draw his illustrations from his own age and country, and those of his own age and country feel the justice of his censure, and perhaps receive improvement from it. But let his volume be wafted across the ocean, to a land of totally different habits, manners and feelings; the edge of his sarcasm and the weight of his indignant reproof are alike lost. The besetting sins of European communities are those which spring from too great distinctions of fortune and rank—the excess of wealth contrasted with the depth of poverty. Our faults, on the other hand, proceed from a new and unsettled condition of society, where the universal eagerness for personal advancement, affords temptations to the neglect of other and nobler objects. Can those works which are intended to correct the faults of our transatlantic brethren, be equally adapted to our improvement?

But native genius may copy foreign models, imbibe a foreign taste, and lose altogether its American character. To prevent this obvious danger, it should be the determination of the people to encourage those works chiefly, which exhibit principles and feelings the most accordant with our country's situation. It is not meant that we are never to go beyond the Atlantic for an embellishment; that every work on government must

take our own constitution for its only subject; that every poem or tale of fiction must choose its personages from our revolutionary worthies and fix its scene on our shores. It would be indeed bad policy to leave forever the rich field of intellectual research which the history of civilized man for three thousand years presents us. But when our literary men treat of these subjects, let the national taste demand of them, that it be with the feelings and views of Americans. Are they engaged in historical enquiries? Let them learn to write of past events, as their countrymen speak and think of those which occur in modern times; to say less to us of kings and treaties and battles, and more of the people, their condition, their share in public affairs, their alternations of improvement and depression. History has too long been employed in recording the names and the extravagances of monarchs; let her vocation, in this country, be to instruct us in the destinies, the sufferings and the triumphs of mankind. And let our scholars, occasionally at least, turn from the world of men to the world of nature; from Europe, with its wars, its crowns and sceptres, its haughty nobility and its trampled peasantry, to this, their own peaceful, republican and happy shore. Here let our poets find themes for contemplation, not exhausted, like those of foreign lands, but opening before them in untouched freshness. There are scenes far within the depths of our forests, where, till within a few years, no foot save the Indian's has ever trod, as rich in beauty and sublimity as any which genius has ever consecrated. Let the admirer of Nature's beauties learn, in those recesses sacred to Nature's God, to find subjects worthy of American song.

It may be regarded as somewhat inconsistent with the sentiments just expressed, that the literature at which our country ought to aim should be described as eminently practical. But that word is here used in no contracted sense. All literature is of a practical kind, which is adapted to make men wiser, happier or better. Whatever then has a tendency to strengthen the mind, to refine and exalt the ideas, to elevate the standard of national character,—that is worthy the encouragement of an enlightened people. It is not a literature of mere imagination, nor one of learned childishness, that our country needs; it is a literature of a manly, energetic, solid cast. For such, the grave character of our republican institutions is well fitted. If we have historians, let them be, not the slaves of a party, but the impartial and unfearing defenders of truth. If we have philosophers, let them not be giddy followers of butterfly theories, but calm and accurate examiners of nature; if we have poets, let their productions tell us less of laborious search after glittering words, than of deep and true feeling, flowing warm from the heart; and if we have theologians, let them own no earthly master, but, with deep reverence, build their faith on the word of God alone. Let writers in each and every department of human thought, labor together with honest zeal for the promotion of all that is excellent, and let them find their reward in the favor of the community to whose improvement their talents are devoted.

One further qualification must be added, and that the highest which the literature of a nation can possess. Ours must be pure and devout. Never may the public taste of our country permit a writer to call a blush

to the cheek of modesty; never may indecorous levity, in the treatment of sacred things, pass without the punishment of general disapprobation. If there be a feature in our present literary character, which may be contemplated, more than any other with unalloyed pleasure, it is the tendency which, in this respect, it has assumed. Thus far American authors have in general seemed conscious that their talents were the gift of God, and should be consecrated by the fear of him.

And surely if there is a land where the Creator of all should receive more devoted service than in any other; if there is a land where talent peculiarly should sanctify its offerings to heaven, that land is ours. Here has the Ruler of the Universe laid the deep foundations of a great republic; and here in the possession of perfect freedom, is the course of genius wherever her own strong promptings may direct. Can it be otherwise than that, while thus privileged, the station of American talent will be loftier, its flights bolder than earth has yet witnessed? Already are the rudiments of education disseminated more widely through our land than over any other of a similar extent on the face of the earth; already have the intellectual efforts of some among us commanded the attention of foreign nations. Is it too much to anticipate for this country, a pre-eminence in the creation of a new and more noble literature, as it has already given birth to those principles of freedom which are now regenerating the human race? And, compared with such a destiny, what are the glories of military fame, or of royal splendor? The earth has been trodden down by a hundred successive conquerors, and they have in turn been forgotten, or remembered only with detestation. But a few small islands and peninsulas, in one extremity of Europe, have acquired a name which ages cannot destroy. And why? Because the Greeks were free, and were enlightened. Because their land was the home of literature. Because, within the narrow limits of their country, the mountain was known to song, the grove was hallowed by the instructions of philosophy, and the names of those who had fallen in every secluded valley and rocky islet, were immortalized by the pen of history. These were the glories of Greece, and these, while empires rose and fell, while mere external splendors dazzled for a time and passed away, these have made their birth-place the home of literature, the temple of the Muses and the Arts. Such be the glories of our native land; such, and far more sacred, because illuminated with truth from heaven. We desire not conquest; we ask not for military renown. Let the implements of war rest among us, never to be used but when a foreign power dares to invade us. We desire not splendor. What have we to do with brilliant courts, with immense accumulations of fortune, with the glitter and the crimes of Europe. But let a nobler destiny be ours; to elevate the human mind to the highest limit which its Maker has appointed for its advances, to spread, through every class and every section of our wide land, intelligence and virtue, and to sanctify the efforts of Genius by the holy influences of Religion.

*Augusta, Ga. .*

## WOMAN'S LOVE.

I love the stream that floweth  
 Amid the desert waste,  
 Where the dark pilgrim goeth,  
 With joyous, eager haste;  
 It flows to tell the trav'ller there,  
 Of other climes more bright and fair,  
 Where glide those gentle streams above  
 The fountains of eternal love;  
 And like that stream is *woman's* charm,  
 It cheers the desert waste of life,  
 It soothes the bosom's wild alarm,  
 And calms the burning brow of strife,—  
 It flows, when man each blessing knows,  
 And still mid life's dark ills it flows.

I love the smile that beameth,  
 In sad affliction's hour,  
 When life a desert seemeth,  
 And sorrows darkly low'r;  
 It beams, to cheer the weary heart,  
 To bid the shades of care depart,  
 And like the rainbow in the sky,  
 To tell that brighter hours are nigh,  
 And like that smile is *woman's* form,  
 In pain and danger ever near,  
 And thro' the sunshine and the storm,  
 Its presence can forever cheer;  
 It cheers, when Joy's bright beams are shed,  
 It cheers, when Hope itself is dead.

I love the flower that bloometh,  
 Above the silent tomb,  
 Where Death's cold worm consumeth  
 Man's beauty and his bloom;  
 It blooms to keep the mourner there,  
 From all the pangs of deep despair,  
 To tell that man's best hopes are given,  
 To bud on earth and bloom in heaven;  
 And like that flower is *woman's* love,  
 No sorrow can its freshness blight,  
 It blooms, e'en death's cold form above  
 In misery's deepest, darkest night;  
 It blooms when joys the bosom fill;  
 Mid care's worst pang, it blossoms still.

Savannah, Ga.

R. M. C.

## WOMAN.

WOMAN's soft hand my early cradle spread,  
 Her gentle cares bedeck'd my bridal bed;  
 By woman let my dying hours be nurs'd—  
 Her love the last fond solace as the first.

D.

## THE CRAYON MISCELLANY.

## A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES.

THIS is an elegant work of its kind. Mr. Irving has not shown himself the worse for wear. Of the numbers which have issued from the press, we confess we prefer the first. Not that it has more merit, as a composition, than Abbotsford or Newstead Abbey, but the subject in itself is more fresh, and handled with an unaffected ease, which adds to its raciness and beauty. Mr. Irving is not a profound writer, nor does he profess to be; but in simple grace of style—in the clearness and boldness of relief with which he presents his sketches, especially of character, we do not know his equal among living writers. No one can appreciate, who has not attempted it, the difficulty of this simple and unaffected writing. To the unpractised eye it seems all nature, and nature only, whilst, in truth, it is the result of the most consummate art, not acquired merely with an eye to the subject in hand, but springing from long and laborious discipline of a rich and refined intellect—the highest finish of correct taste.

Our author seems, from his preface, to have feared that his fellow-countrymen may have, if not forgotten him, (and this he would not permit us to do), yet been alienated in heart from him because of his long sojourn in other lands. We are slow to believe, that any native citizen of our republic could easily forego, or forget the land of his birth. Much less could we cherish the suspicion, that he who has felt so vividly, and painted with such force, his early associations with her native scenery and peculiarities of character, could cease to recall her with enduring affection to his heart. Mr. Irving ~~has, we are sure,~~ been misinformed on this head. We do not believe that any respectable portion of his fellow-citizens thought, for a moment, he ever did or could forget his country. Yet he says he met with imputations of the kind in the public papers, “and received anonymous letters reiterating them, and basely endeavouring to persuade me that I had lost the good will of my countrymen.” This was in truth base, and certainly not the less so from its being unfounded.

He touches the subject with feeling.

“What was I asked to vindicate myself from—a want of affection to my native country? I should as soon think of vindicating myself from the charge of a want of love to the mother that bore me! I could not reply to such an imputation. My heart would swell in my throat and keep me silent.”

But to our task:

“In the often vaunted regions of the far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi,” (begins our author, page 1st) “extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log-house of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains interspersed with forests, groves and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the grand Canadian, the Red River and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, the buffalo and the wild horse in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting grounds of the various tribes of the far West.”

In this wild and romantic region, Mr. Irving proposed his tour; and has managed to draw from it much entertainment and information. We

know not whether it be a colouring of character derived from our mother land, or a natural instinctive trait in human nature—but there is a charm, to our mind, in the unpruned forest, and the wild and savage aspect of its scenery, which none of the works of art ever have afforded us. In the midst of the primeval forests and swamps of our native State, overshadowed by the mighty cypresses and vines so peculiar to them, and all of civilized nature excluded from our view, we have felt at times more immediately impressed with the presence of the Creator, than in any temple made with hands. Buried in the profound depths and silence of the original woods, our emotions of vastness and power in him who made them and our own relative littleness, have at times been so deep and solemn, that we have not found ourselves able even to imagine words could express them. Were we again in our youth, and did circumstances permit, we do not know a greater pleasure we could have, than to accompany our author in another tour over the glorious regions whose features he has so vividly brought home—where nature, not man, presides, in all her simple loveliness and grandeur—and the thought may expand without resting place or limit in its conceptions of the boundless beneficence and power so wonderfully and prodigally displayed. Walter Scott has well imagined the nature of such emotions when he said to our author: ‘I would not have you think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland prospect. There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand, wild, original forests: with *the idea of hundreds of miles* of untrodden forest around me.’ Even the sight of a single tree appears to have excited emotion. ‘I once saw at Leith,’ he continued, ‘an immense stick of timber, just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood on its native soil at its full height, with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration. It seemed like one of the gigantic obelisks which are now and then brought from Egypt to shame the pigmy monuments of Europe; and, in fact, these vast aboriginal trees that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white men, are the monuments and antiquities of your country.’ We can well imagine what would have been the emotions of such a man as Scott on a tour like the present. How much better for both countries did the truly great English writers see more of our people as well as our land, rather than trust to the self-sufficiency and egotism of every insect that can hum its way across the Atlantic.

Mr. Irving’s sketches of the wild scenes and the associates of his journey, are admirably graphic. As specimens we offer the following, page 20:

“Another of my fellow-travellers was Mr. L. an Englishman by birth, but descended from a foreign stock, and who had all the buoyancy and accommodating spirit of a native of the continent.” \* \* \* \* “A botanist, a geologist, a hunter of beetles and butterflies, a musical amateur, a sketcher of no mean pretensions, in short, a complete Virtuoso. Never had a man more irons in the fire, and consequently never was man more busy or more cheerful.

“My third fellow-traveller,” \* \* \* \* “travelled with him as his Telemachus: being apt, like his prototype, to give occasional perplexity and disquiet to his Mentor. He was a young Swiss Count scarce twenty-one years of age, full of talent and spirit, but galliard in the extreme, and prone to every kind of wild adventure.”

But the most delectable of his sketches is still to come. The all accomplished

"Little Tonish—the groom, the cook, the tent-man, in a word the factotum; and I may add the universal meddler and marplot of our party. This was a little, swarthy, meagre, French Creole, named Antoine, but familiarly dubbed Tonish; a kind of Gil Blas of the frontiers" [we see not the resemblance] "who had passed a scrambling life sometimes among white men, sometimes among Indians; sometimes in the employ of traders, missionaries and Indian agents; sometimes mingling with the Osage hunters. We picked him up at St. Louis, near which he has a small farm, an Indian wife and a brood of half-blood children. According to his own account, however, he had a wife in every tribe; in fact, if all this little vagabond said of himself were to be believed, he was without morals, without caste, without creed, without country, and even without language; for he spoke a jargon of mingled French, English and Osage. He was withal a notorious braggart, and a liar of the first water. It was amusing to hear him vapour and gasconade about his terrible exploits and hair-breadth escapes in war and hunting. In the midst of his volubility, he was prone to be seized with a spasmodic gasping as if the springs of his jaws were suddenly unhinged; but I am apt to think it was caused by some falsehood that stuck in his throat, for I generally remarked that immediately afterwards there bolted forth a lie of the first magnitude." \* \* \* \* "The imagination of the young Count had become completely excited." \* \* \* \* "The grand scenery and wild habits of the prairies had set his spirits madding, and the stories that little Tonish told him of Indian braves and Indian beauties, of hunting buffaloes and catching wild horses, had set him all agog for a dash into savage life." \* \* \* \* "It was amusing to hear his youthful anticipations," \* \* \* \* "and it was still more amusing to listen to the gasconadings of little Tonish, who volunteered to be his faithful squire in all his perilous undertakings; to teach him how to catch the wild horses, bring down the buffalo and win the smiles of the Indian princesses—'And if we can only get a sight of a prairie on fire,' said the young Count. 'By gar, I will set one on fire myself,' cried the little Frenchman."—pp. 21, 22.

One great charm of Mr. Irving's writing consists in the constant good humour and benevolent indulgence for the deficiencies and frailties of others. What a monster little Tonish would have been in the eyes of Mrs. Trollope; and what a disgusting and disagreeable creature, in the eyes of Capt. Basil Hall. Whilst here, in the hands of our author, (who certainly does not praise him), by a good humoured turn for satire tempered with real benevolence of heart, he is not only bearable, but the most original and entertaining character in the whole book; indeed, one of the most vivid and unique (if he be such) of Mr. Irving's creations. For we cannot but suspect that little Tonish owes more to the bright conceptions of our author than to any traits or qualities springing from himself. How very unfashionable would poor little Tonish have been in the eyes of Mrs. Fanny Butler—how miserably unlike one of Shakspeare's heroes, or a dandy of the 'first circles';—only imagine the following sketch presented to her view.

"Our little Frenchman, Tonish, brought up the rear with the pack-horses. He was in high glee, having experienced a kind of promotion in being transferred from driving the wagon to horseback. He sat perched like a monkey behind the pack of one of the horses: he sang, he shouted, he yelped like an Indian, and ever and anon blasphemed the loitering pack-horses."—p. 27.

Oh! horrible! barbarous!

Mr. Irving refers his characters to the state of society in which he finds them, and not that to which he is himself accustomed. What folly it would have been to have judged little Tonish, Beatte, or old Ryan, by

the standard of New-York civilization, instead of the wild propensities of the border life. Yet this is unquestionably the great error travellers from England have generally committed, in their estimate of American character. They come here big with notions of British importance, which we do not dispute, and the imaginary perfections of British society. We are judged, not in reference to the standard admitted by ourselves, or of our republican institutions, nor according to our capabilities for these conditions of life; but merely by such standard as it may suit any egotistical booby to import from old and worn-out Europe to measure our people by.

We confess we have not a few times been mortified at the real humility with which we have admitted this rule of estimation. We are not to be judged by European models. The decencies and courtesies of society are not to be regulated by English or French modes. Our government is different, our people differ from theirs, and are not the worse for such diversity. If we ever intend to be great as a nation, or hope to excel among the people of the earth, it must be according to our own manner; not by degrading imitations from abroad. Foreign manners, foreign government, foreign morals, can never be our legitimate standards. If our people ever are to excel other nations; if they ever are destined to be feared, respected and loved, it must be rather after the manner, as expressed in scripture, of the ancient Chaldees, ‘who were dreadful and terrible for their *judgment*, and *dignity proceeded of themselves*.’

Mr. Irving’s sketches of stiff life are also excellent. We offer the following specimen:

“The little hamlet of the agency was in a complete bustle; the blacksmith’s shed in particular was a scene of preparation; a strapping negro was shoeing a horse; two half-breeds were fabricating iron spoons in which to melt lead for bullets. An old trapper, in leathern hunting-frock and moccasins, had placed his rifle against a workbench whilst he superintended the operation and gossipped about his hunting exploits. Several large dogs were lounging in and out the shop, or sleeping in the sunshine; while a little cur, with head cocked on one side, and one ear erect, was watching with that curiosity common to little dogs, the process of shoeing the horse.”—p. 30.

We close our extracts with the description of a village of prairie dogs.

“As we approached we could perceive numbers of the inhabitants seated at the entrances of their cells, while sentinels seemed to have been posted on the outskirts to keep a lookout. At sight of us, the piquet guards scampered in and gave the alarm; whereupon every inhabitant gave a short yelp, or bark, and dived into his hole, his heels twinkling in the air as if he had thrown a somerset.

“We traversed the whole village or republic which covered an area of about thirty acres, but not a whisker of an inhabitant was to be seen.” \* \* \* \* “Moving quietly to a little distance we lay down upon the ground, and watched for a long time silent and motionless. By-and-by, a cautious old burgher would slowly put out the end of his nose, but instantly draw it in again. Another at a greater distance would emerge entirely. But catching a glance of us would throw a somerset, and plunge back again into his hole. At length, some who resided on the opposite side of the village taking courage from the continued stillness would steal forth and hurry off to a distant hole, the residence possibly of some family connexion or gossiping friend, about whose safety they were solicitous, or with whom they wished to compare notes about the late occurrences.

“Others still more bold, assembled in little knots in the streets and public places, as if to discuss the recent outrages offered to the commonwealth, and the atrocious murders of their fellow.burghers.

"We rose from the ground and moved forward to take a nearer view of these public proceedings, when yelp! yelp! yelp!—there was a shrill alarm passed from mouth to mouth, the meeting suddenly dispersed; feet twinkled in the air in every direction; and in an instant all had vanished into the earth."—p. 244.

Shall we take to fault-finding after what we have said? We think it our duty to notice a few inaccuracies. We do not think the word 'couple,' when merely designating 'two,' properly used (as 'a couple of huge buffalo bulls, who had been alarmed by Beatte, came rushing through the brake,' p. 180); the word does not merely imply 'two,' as we understand it, but two in some sort matched or linked together, and even if good English, it is still inelegant. We also doubt whether Mr. Irving has done justice to '*the king's English*,' when he says (p. 264) 'most of the horses were then *swam* across.' But these are venial errors, springing from carelessness, and may be easily corrected.

We have said Mr. Irving is one of the most graceful and elegant writers we have known. His sketches also of character and scenery are rich and natural.

He has himself used the word 'sketches,' as descriptive of his peculiar character of writing. The word has been happily selected. It is strictly characteristic. As a 'sketcher' he is admirable, perhaps unequalled. But he seldom reaches the deeper seated springs of human thought. He is generally interesting or amusing, never tiresome, and at times pathetic; more chaste in style than Scott—more accurate in delineation of character than Bulwer, but not so profoundly read in the human heart as either.

The region he has traversed is a rich field for the philosopher, the moralist and the poet. Its features of scenery and character more unscanned, the story of its traits of beauty and sublimity more fresh and unhackneyed, than are other portions of the world. Mr. Irving has opened the prospect to us with greater ability than any of his predecessors. But he still, in many points, has but afforded glimpses of the glorious field beyond, and if there be any ground on which we feel disposed to be querulous with our author, it is that he has said too little.

#### MY WHITE AND RED ROSES.

CARNATIONS are sweet, and the Daphne is fair,  
And the colors are rich which the tulip discloses;  
But the richness and fragrance that perfume the air,  
Are united alone in my white and red roses,  
                My white and red roses:  
The blush of Aurora and brilliance of day,  
My white and red roses united display.  
  
When Flora permitted her God with his bow  
To mingle his Loves where pleasure reposes,  
The union was perfected only we know  
                In the bower where bloom my white and red roses,  
                My white and red roses:  
Love that lasts ever, and pleasures that please—  
My white and red roses are emblems of these.

W.

## DESCENT OF ÆNEAS TO THE SHADES.

THE ADVANTAGES OF GUIDING THE IMAGINATION BY TOPOGRAPHY IN WORKS OF FICTION,  
ILLUSTRATED BY AN EXAMINATION OF THE SIXTH BOOK OF VIRGIL'S ÆNEID.

## NUMBER ONE.

IN reading the works of poets or others which are generally styled fiction, perhaps we have been too apt to regard the productions of the best writers more imaginative than in truth they are. When Horace tells those who would write, either to follow nature, or to invent what would have all its parts in keeping; they who desire to observe the rule will perhaps find it much easier, and better calculated to ensure success, to take the first part of the admonition than the second: and probably the great cause why a vast multitude of authors of this description have had so little success, will be found in the fact, that the greater number in creating their scenery have consulted their imagination in preference to their observation.

This idea has impressed itself more deeply upon my mind, since I have been led to believe, that the most beautiful and finished pictures of one of the masters of poetry were sketches from nature, embellished indeed by imagination, and improved with exquisite taste, and not merely the results of fiction.

Something more than two years have elapsed, since, on a beautiful evening in May, I drove out, accompanied by a few friends, on the road leading from Naples towards the ancient Puteoli: when we arrived near the entrance of the grotto of Posillippo, a proposition was made to alight and climb the steep, zig-zag road leading to the tomb of Virgil. Arrived at the door of the garden in which this mouldering relic is situated, we quickened our pace as we doubled the windings of the narrow path that, by a long circuit, leads to this spot of classic interest. We stood silent within this decaying chamber—we looked around on its desolate walls and time-worn vaulted roof, all stained with the green tinge of successive centuries. A marble slab of comparatively modern sculpture, perhaps placed about two or three hundred years since in one of the sides, unnecessarily proclaimed, in a crabbed imitation of Latin, that of which every peasant child was aware, that this chamber was the resting place of the great Mantuan bard: here what was mortal of the polished Maro had mouldered.

We viewed each other. We looked from the aperture in the side—the bay of Naples spread broadly before us. It was a serene sky—a light air moved along the waters—a thin brown vapour above its summit distinguished Vesuvius in the distance. We looked down to the road where we had left our carriage: we involuntarily drew back from the precipice, and again advanced to see how diminished to the view were the beings entering or issuing from the excavated tunnel, as they travelled, at such a distance below us, from or towards Naples. The tongue ventured to express a few words, and we soon resumed our conversation. We agreed that the spot upon which the body of the poet was deposited after

death, was one well calculated during life, to have excited his enthusiasm, enriched his imagination, and stored his memory with the materials for description.

A few mornings afterwards, we were seated upon the indurated lava at the summit of Vesuvius. It was about an hour after the sun had risen: even then his rays were powerful; we were fatigued and heated by the immense labor of climbing the mighty precipice of ashes; vast masses of cinder glowed under us; hundreds of fissures emitted hot sulphuric vapour scarcely perceptible to the eye, but fully sensible to the smell and feeling. Our guides drew from the brown ashes the eggs which they had brought up for their repast; a very few minutes had sufficed for their cooking—they found the finest salt on almost every fragment within their reach. And yet in this region of fire the gentle temperature of the breeze gradually refreshed and invigorated us. Our faces were turned towards the tomb at the opposite side of the bay. The city, considerably below us, shewed on our right like a rich, white margin between the land and water; in a few places this appeared thicker, and advanced a little upon the expanded plain that stretched along towards the Adriatic. The road to Herculaneum, the little town of Torre del Greco, and a number of others were discernible, and we looked on our left, to try and ascertain the site of Pompeii, through whose desolate streets we had walked but two days previously. The island of Capri rose as a dark mass in what was anciently called the Tyrrhenian sea, but the eye discerned the horizon of water glittering far beyond it, and we could observe the liquid element spreading to the west and south of Procida and Ischya: to the west from the ridge of Posillippo, the reflection from the waters near Baiae seemed like that of liquid silver, and the eye reached towards the north even to Gaeta. One of my companions on discovering the head-land repeated

Tu quoque litoribus nostri, Æneia nutrix  
Æternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti  
Et nunc servat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen  
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria signat.

And thou, O matron of immortal fame  
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name.  
Caieta still the place is called from thee,  
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.  
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains,  
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can claim) remains.

‘This was the spot selected by Virgil for perhaps the best and most beautiful of his descriptions,’ said he, ‘and surely he could not have chosen a better.’ We had previously visited the splendid Museum of Naples, in whose numerous and extensive departments so many remains of the genius of southern Italy are collected. We spoke of several that had been lately dug up after an interment of nearly twenty centuries under the masses of sand and ashes, flung over many a league from that very crater upon whose edge we were then seated. We admired the ingenuity, the patience, the industry, the zeal and the information of those scientific men whom we had seen unrolling, decyphering, copying, supplying the chasms, and preparing for publication the ancient volumes of

parchment, reduced nearly to a mass of carbon in the ruins which the fiery lava had created. And turning to one of my friends, who was an inhabitant of Great-Britain, I remarked, ‘These are the men whom your writers have represented as ignorant, lazy, priestridden Italians, enemies to science and degraded in superstition!!!’ ‘I acknowledge,’ said he, ‘that our writers have, for party purposes, done the Italians the greatest injustice; and at your side of the Atlantic, you are not only our rivals, but as you claim pre-eminence in so many departments, you will not, I am convinced, deny that many of your writers have outstripped us even in this.’ I could not make all the concessions he desired. We agreed, therefore to leave the pretensions of the United Kingdom, and those of the United States to be settled by the King of Holland, or by any other arbiter that may be agreed upon by better authorized plenipotentiaries, and we returned to the discussion of descriptions given by Virgil. Yet this was connected with the visits we had paid to the Museum, because it was there we had first heard of the work of the Rev. Andrew Jorio, a learned canon of Naples, who is as eminent for his literature, as he is for his unpretending piety; it was there we had first learned his opinion that the passages contained in the sixth book of the *Æneid* describing the infernal regions, of Tartarus and of Elysium were all suggested to the poet from a spot near Baiae. We had there procured the treatise, and were led to discuss its merits, whilst we projected a hasty visit to those same regions, to pass freely through which, even at this day, requires the offering of a sprig from the golden branch. I regretted that an indisposition under which he labored whilst I was in the south of Italy, prevented my having the gratification of making the acquaintance of this respectable and accomplished scholar, whom I desired much to know, not only on account of his scientific and literary attainments, but also for his ministerial usefulness. My own time was also curtailed, and I was not able to make all the excursions that I had intended in this most interesting neighbourhood. I have however attentively perused the work of the Canon Jorio, and seen something of the vicinity. Perhaps I could therefore with some little prospect of success undertake to shew you by his description, some of the reasons for the assertion with which I have set out; that the writers who, in works of fiction, found their descriptions upon observation in preference to mere imagination, are those most likely to succeed.

Two facts are uncontested. First, that in the fifth book the poet describes the departure of the remnant of the Trojan fleet from Sicily, for the purpose of making a descent upon Italy, and especially that it was the intention of Æneas to visit the shade of his father in Elysium according to the admonition of Anchises himself, who in line 735 informs him who shall be his guide.

Huc casta Sibylla  
Nigrantium multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.

The chaste Sybill shall your steps convey,  
And blood of offered victims strew the way.

It is also certain that his voyage lay nearly west of north from Gaeta to the mouth of the Tiber, and leaving the shore of Cumæ, the closing lines of the sixth book inform us that his way for Gaeta lay directly

along shore, of course in nearly a northern direction. These premises lead us independently of any other consideration to the discovery of the spot upon which he landed in search of the Sybil. It was the coast of Cumæ, upon the western side of the promontory which, at the north entrance to the bay of Naples, juts down about three miles to the south, thus forming the tongue of land which divides the bay of Puzzuoli from the Mediterranean sea. A difficulty seemed to present itself to a few critics, as some said it was not Cumæ, but Baiæ, and this would not lead us to the spot which it is contended, furnished the poet with his topography. Cumæ was a settlement of the Eubœans, and only one of the many Grecian colonies that filled the south of Italy, which, as every person at all acquainted with ancient geography knows, was called *Græcia Magna*. That there was an extension of this colony to Baiæ, which is quite in its vicinity, is pretty certain; hence Dion Cassius and others called the bay of this latter, also by the name of the former. In 1822 an ancient Greek sepulchre, similar to those of the settlement at Cumæ, was discovered at Baiæ, which sustains the statement of Strabo respecting the extent of the colony. The head-land, which we are about to examine, runs down little more than three miles at the utmost, and is scarcely two miles across. The spot where the poet makes Æneas land, is somewhat less than two miles north from the south western point of the promontory, over which rises the hill now called *Monte di Procida*, and which the canon says is that described in line 234.

Monte sub aero qui nunc Misenus ab illo  
Dicitur.

And deathless fame  
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

and which derives its name from the burial of Hector's trumpeter. The shore here is free from rocks or cliffs, and is a fine strand. Hence the description of the arrival of the strangers after the loss of Palinurus, is exceedingly appropriate.

Sic fatur lacrymans classique immittit habenas  
Et tandem Euboicis Cumarum allabitur oris!  
He said and wept; then spread his sails before  
The winds, and reached at length the Cuman shore.

Turning to the left from the supposed place of landing, the site of the ancient temple of Apollo is found at the distance of three quarters of a mile. Here some remains of a structure are still discovered! Still the spot is called, *Rocca di Cuma*, and the peasants call the hill which rises here *Monte di Cuma*. The poet has certainly embellished the temple erected in a remote antiquity, with sculpture worthy of a better age:— Yet it is astonishing to find from unequivocal proof, furnished by undoubted works of these early times, the progress which had been even then made in the arts in those regions. I have seen frescoes which have been nearly three thousand years executed, and which have been overwhelmed with rubbish during the greater portion of that time, as clear, as vivid and as accurate in the outlines of the figures as many which would be admired as good productions at this day. That this temple was erected long before the arrival of Æneas in Italy there is great reason to believe.

I shall not here inquire concerning the Sybil, but we may perhaps examine her supposed habitation.

Excisum Euboicæ latus ingens rupis in antrum  
Qua lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum  
Unde ruunt totidem voces, responsa Sybillæ.

A spacious cave within the farthest part  
Was hewed and fashioned by laborious art  
Through the hill's hollow sides; before the place  
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace:  
As many voices issue: and the sound  
Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.

The present appearance of this cavern certainly does not correspond with the description here given, nor would the description have been at any period perfectly accurate: much must be left to the imagination of the poet: all that the canon contends for ought, I think, to be willingly conceded, which is that the poet led his hero by this route to the nether world. To any person who has seen the capitol of Rome, the Tarpeian rock, the Forum of Trajan, the Arch of Septimius Severus, or any of the excavations by which the 'via sacra' has been disclosed, little need be said to shew how the accumulations of centuries will fill up hollows and reduce the elevation of precipices.

This spot is only a few miles from the tomb of Virgil, and the poet must have frequently strayed along this shore. Nearly two thousand years have passed away since he observed the place, and then it was at least a thousand years after the excavation had been made, and he who had been accustomed to examine such works, and who generally was exact in his descriptions, could at that time form a better idea of what this excavation was. The canon thinks he only gives us the round number one hundred for several, and conformed to the ordinary notion that the cave was the residence of some supernatural or inspired being, and thus easily made it the dwelling of the Sybil.

The substance of an interesting archeological dissertation which he gives, is that this, like many other caverns generally thought to be natural, is, in truth, artificial. Such clearly was Virgil's opinion. *Excisum latus ingens in antrum.* That the cave was cut into the side of the rock.

To sustain this position, the canon brings us to contemplate the customs of the first Grecian settlers, which indeed were similar to those of others similarly circumstanced. Scarcely landed; the two first objects they sought were a dwelling place and security. No spot on the Cumæan coast offered a more convenient location for the purpose than this—the only rock which is near that part of the shore. Their usual mode was to build with stone; for this the rock afforded materials: its elevation was convenient for security: and this would be greatly increased by so clearing away the projections of the cliff as to make it perpendicular, at least on two or three sides. By the process of paring it off in this manner, they were also furnished with stone for building. They were a patient and a persevering race, and though emigrants, they had not the insatiable migratory spirit of many of our pioneers. Leaving one habitation, they determined to fix upon another as permanent.

Hence they made preparations for centuries of residence, as they built for a progeny through whose generations they considered themselves about to live.

After having given to the rock its faces, they proceeded from the summit to perforate to its bosom, and having descended to a sufficient depth, they excavated several large chambers for the double purpose of procuring materials, and of creating a citadel and a storehouse. Here, too, they penetrated to the living waters, so that no enemy should be able to cut off a supply. From the interior they wrought long passages towards the sides, and at the extremities they made loopholes through which they might receive air and some light, and be able also to reconnoitre and to annoy an enemy. It is acknowledged by all respectable antiquarians that such was the origin of numerous excavations in rocks spread through the south of Italy, and of many elsewhere. Martorelli, upon the authority of Strabo and Ephorus, sustains that several of these were excavations in search of ore. In most of those citadels there was a temple, and generally the shrine of some prophet or prophetess was in the most retired part of the cavern.

In the time of Virgil several of these loopholes were considerably enlarged, and the earth had been gradually raised around the rock; so that the former windows now became so many entrances to the interior, which had probably been once famous as the shrine of some Pythoness, or perhaps of the great Sybil herself. At this day some of those apertures exist, though the rock is nearly level with the surrounding accumulation of earth. We have the accounts of St. Justin the martyr, and of Agatius the historian, describing this cave. In 1787, Carletti says he got nearly lost in its labyrinths: but that he saw the remains of the temple and pieces of mosaic work at a spot where several passages united. Jorio himself, in 1811, went through a considerable portion of it, accompanied by a guide; he remained two hours, and found some human remains, which so terrified his companions that they could not be induced by threats or promises to go forward.

So far, then, we have the description, accurate in its principal features, but highly embellished by imagination.

At the entrance of this cavern, the hero of the poem is admonished to seek for the information that he desired: and having obtained as much as the poet thought convenient to communicate, he requests to be taught the way to the infernal regions.

The lake known as *lago d'Averno* is little more than half a mile east of this cavern, but at the time that Virgil wrote, the country was more thickly wooded than it is at present, and it was still more so at that earlier period which the poet has selected: nor was the lake to be approached in a direct line, hence the canon supposes that the path to the spot which he indicates as *fauces Averni* must have wound along the valley which lies between the rock we have been describing and the high and rugged ground which surrounds the lake: the Trojan leader in pursuing this course would have increased the distance round the northern part of the lake, to arrive at its opposite side, nearly three miles, and this journey was to be made through a forest.

Tenent media omnia sylvæ.

Betwixt those regions and our upper light  
 Deep forests and impenetrable night  
 Possess the middle space.

In studying the topography, we have no concern with either the death or burial of Misenus, nor with the manner in which Æneas obtains the golden bough which was to insure his return to the realms of day: neither need we witness the sacrifice.

Little more than a quarter of a smile to the outheast of the *lago d'Averno* is the *lago Lucrino*, or ancient Lucrine lake, so famous for producing some of the luxuries for Roman tables, as also for the naval purposes to which it was destined by Octavianus; and generally for its being more appropriate to recreation than to the fears of those who dwelt or sojourned at Baiæ. A deep valley passed from the lake Avernus towards the Lucrine. And in this valley the canon supposes that the doves led the hero to pluck the golden bough.

Inde ubi venere ad fauces graveolentis Averni  
 Tollunt se celeres, liquidumque per aera lapsæ  
 Sedibus optatis gemina sub abore sidunt  
 Discolor unde auri per ramos aura refusit.

Thus they led him on  
 To the slow lake: whose baneful stench to shun  
 They winged their flight aloft; then stooping low  
 Perch on the double tree that bears the golden bough;  
 Through the green leaves the glittering shadows glow.

The branch having been delivered to the Sybil, and the last rites paid to the body of Misenus; we find Æneas and the prophetess already still farther south than the spot to which the doves had led him to obtain his passport. A large cavern here extends from Avernus nearly to the Lucrine lake; at present it is seldom passable in summer, but it is opened occasionally in winter, and the entrance at the north was formerly quite overshadowed by woods. This has been appropriately selected by the poet as the entrance to the infernal regions.

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu,  
 Scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris:  
 Quam super haud ultæ poterant impune volantes  
 Tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris  
 Faucibus effundens supera ad convexa ferebat:  
 Unde locum Graii, dixerunt nomine Avernū.

Deep was the cave and downward as it went  
 From the wide mouth, a rocky, rough descent;  
 And here th' access a gloomy grove descends,  
 And here th' unnavigable lake extends,  
 O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
 No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;  
 Such deadly stenches from the depth arise,  
 And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies,  
 From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,  
 And give the name Avernus to the lake.

I presume the etymology is sufficiently known to be the privative particle *a* and the word *Ὥρνος* a bird: originally *aornos*, and euphonised to Avernus.

The sacrifice having been offered, the awful portents being manifest,

Æneas is warned to draw his sword and to advance into the cavern whither his guide had already rushed. This the poet calls *primæ fauces Orci*, ‘the first jaws of Orcus.’ The poetical description of the beings who occupied this cavern is one of the best imagined and best wrought productions of Virgil; but this is not the place to dilate upon its appropriate excellence.

Issuing from the southern aperture, between you and the Lucrine lake, even at this day, elms are abundant; but formerly they were large, more numerous and thickly entangled. The path is in a narrow ravine. On either hand were caverns, many of which were the dens of wild animals and the abode of serpents. In several places the earth has fallen in and the caves are choked, but still some are visible on either hand; and the canon thinks it very likely that about the period when Virgil wrote, this might have served as a menagerie for the parties who rusticated near the ancient Puteoli or at Baiæ. In either case the poet had the ground-work upon which his imagination could well indulge itself. The cavern is at present called *Bagno della Sibilla*, and the *stabula ferarum in foribus*, exhibit to us the dwelling places of the hideous forms that besiege the door, and have their dens in its vicinity, and the elm with its dusky arms, have to this day remained, and made manifest the principle to which I have alluded.

Before proceeding further with the Trojan chief, it will be perhaps not amiss to examine briefly an assertion of our learned commentator, that the Styx is not specially described by the poet, but that where the expression does occur in this sixth book, it is but a general designation, not a particular appellation of an infernal river. We have, it is true, five lakes within the compass of this peninsula, and there were five rivers of the shadowy regions. Avernus is too plainly marked to allow a doubt of its identity: the Fusaro and the Acquamarta will be easily recognized as the Acheron and the Cocytus: the context and other circumstances will lead us to the Maremorto as Lethe, and the Lucrine lake alone would remain as the Styx. This river was said to be the daughter of Oceanus: every classic reader is aware that in the days of Homer, and even in those of Virgil, the bay of Pozzuoli and the contiguous waters were known as the ocean, and when it was agitated by storms, the sea which rolled into this bay broke more easily over the low grounds, and rushed more forcibly through the communication with the Lucrine lake: so that, in fact, it was in calm times comparatively dry, until the rushing of the ocean filled, enlarged and made it permanent. But Jorio says that Virgil had too much taste to say to the ladies and the epicures of Rome, that this was the infernal Styx—hence that through the entire of this book, the word is to be taken in its general, and not in its particular acceptation: and a review of the several passages will shew us nothing incompatible with this opinion. It is mentioned seven times, besides the particular passage which seems to me to create the greatest difficulty. First, the prophetess says to Æneas

133. Quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est  
*Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre*  
*Tartara.*

But if so dire a love your soul invades  
As twice below to see the trembling shades,

If you so hard a toil will undertake  
As twice to pass th' unnavigable lake.

Second, 154. Sic demum lucos Stygios, regna invia vivis  
Aspices.

This done, securely take the destined way  
To find the regions destitute of day.

Third, 252. Tum Stygio regi nocturnas inchoat aras.  
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills.

Fourth, 368. Neque enim credo sine numine Divum  
Flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem:  
Without whose aid you durst not undertake  
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake.

Fifth, 358. Navita quos jam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda  
Per tacitum nemus ire, pedemque advertere ripæ.  
Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,  
Whom from the shore the surly boatman saw—  
Observed their passage through the shady wood,  
And marked their near approaches to the flood.

Sixth, 391. Corpora viva nefas Stygia vectare carina.  
Know this the realm of night, the Stygian shore;  
My boat conveys no living body o'er.

Seventh, 438. Fata obstant, tristique palus inamabilis unda  
Alligat et novies Styx interfusa coeret.  
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,  
And with nine circling streams the captive soul enclose.

Of those passages, the second, third and fourth clearly have the expression general. The great difficulty would be to reconcile the 323 line and the general statement of the ancients respecting the oath of the Gods, with the opinion of Canon Jorio, before we could say that in the first, fifth, sixth and seventh passages the expression was also general.

The expression of the Sybil appears to me not only exceedingly distinct, but points to a special circumstance respecting the Styx, than which there is not in all mythology one better and more precisely understood.

Olli sic breviter fata est longeva sacerdos  
Anchisa generate Deum certissima proles  
Cocytii stagna alta vides, Stygiamque paludem  
223 Dī cuius jurare timent et fallere numen.

"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,"  
The Sybil said, "you see the Stygian floods,  
The sacred streams which heaven's imperial state  
Attest in oaths, and fears to violate."

If, however, we will suppose that Virgil, like most other poets, used freely the privileges to which he was entitled, we may then take the Lucrine lake for the Styx, and the traveller in passing the 'ferarum stabula,' after emerging from the grotto of Avernus, leaving this on his left, proceeds by what is known as the Scaladrone towards the lago del Fusaro—called by Virgil the *Palus Acherusia* or *Acherontis ad undas*.

## THE LONE STAR.

FROM restless sleep I woke. Dark dreams had prest  
Heavy upon me, and mysterious thoughts  
Of all things terrible, though undefin'd,  
Had laid their chilling fingers on my heart,  
Freezing the fount of life.  
A sense of fearful loneliness hung o'er  
My troubled spirit, till with stealthy tread  
I sought the lifted casement, to look out  
Upon the midnight heav'ns; for I lov'd  
Their solemn beauty, and had learn'd to read  
Their letter'd volumes, till they grew to be,  
To my sad bosom, dear, familiar friends:—  
But all was gloom. The wearied queen of night  
Had sunk on her chill pillow, and the stars,  
Those holy comforters, had turn'd away,  
Nor left one foot print of their shining feet,  
To guide bewilder'd Thought. No sound was there  
Of dissonance or concord; but Silence sat  
Upon her ancient throne; mid a deep hush  
So boding and profound, that with each pulse  
Throbbing to fever-wildness, I lean'd forth  
As if to hear the spirits whispering.  
Just then when Thought rov'd freest, and I stood  
Gazing half-conscious on the sullen clouds  
That prest to the far East, a phantom-train,  
Moving in mute procession; when my mind  
Was yielding to Imagination's sway,  
And Reason trembled on her steadfast base;  
A single star look'd out—the blessed thing!  
It look'd half trembling, yet so sweetly clear,  
Mid all that gloom and stillness, that I thought  
(And even now I think, though days have past)  
It was an angel's self that came to soothe  
And calm and comfort me, and then a voice  
Soft as a seraph's note breath'd in my ear,  
*Trust but in heav'n!* and then I knelt and pray'd,  
Till the seal'd fountains of my soul gush'd forth,  
And I *was* comforted!—  
Through life that star shall cheer me; though my path  
Should further lead mid darkness, and the spots  
Where memory loves to linger may be few;  
Though earthly joys may vanish, and the blooms  
Of love and hope prove fruitless; yet with gaze  
Steadfast, unchanging, I will look beyond  
The clouded present, to my guiding star,  
*A humble trust in heav'n!*

*Charleston, S. C.*

## FRANZ ZEBEDÆUS SCHMELZLE.

OR THE VIGIL OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

WORTHY Master Franz Zebedæus Schmelzle! mine honest host of the Indian Queen! well and truly dost thou deserve some frail memorial at my hands, for the many hours of hearty glee I have whiled away at thy house. And what, though the memory of those good old times be indistinct and dim, and the youthful copartners of my joys lapsed away from existence, as the expiring whiffs of thy tobacco-pipe—shall I forget thee, old boy? as whilom, standing before thy door, with portly form and outstretched hand, to welcome me when I came of a Saturday's afternoon, to saunter through thy public garden or bowl away an hour at thy billiard table. Still remembered Franz! though thou beest long time dead, and passed away, like a forgotten dream from the thoughts of men, thou art yet alive and present in my memory. The visions of by-gone days are passing before me—I feel the life and vigor of early manhood. I will arise, catch up my hat and cane, and shape my path to where I see thee standing. But alas! age hath crept over my paralyzed limbs. In the vain effort to walk, I have let fall my crutch, and so long have I been a house-ridden invalid, that, God help me! if the rats have not carried away my hat.

Well! now that I am old and forsaken in the world, I will live in my closet with the memorials of the past: I will hang over these secret consolations of age and loneliness. And as deeper grow the night shades around me, I will the more fondly trace their faint glimmering, as the solitary prisoner the glowworm's taper light, over the blank and dreary walls of his dungeon.

Not many years ago, there stood, near the city of Charleston, one of those old weather-beaten tenements, the existence of which, even at this day, renders the outskirts of the town so dreary and ruinous in appearance. Imbowered in a thick grove of trees, and partly hidden from the road by a high and tangled hedge of the nondescript rose, it could hardly be seen, unless particularly looked for, by the unconscious stranger, or the citizen, who rode out of an afternoon to breathe the fresh atmosphere of the country. There was about the place, an air of desolation and neglect, which, while it betokened a total abandonment of human care, inspired the visiter with feelings of superstition and gloom. The grounds had been evidently once in a high state of culture. Here and there were to be seen, moss-covered orchard trees, barren and almost leafless from age or want of the pruner's knife. While amid the tall and rank weeds and thistles, some solitary rose bush maintained a sickly growth, and threw out a blushing bud that seemed struggling for existence, like virtue in the midst of poverty and vice. The walk which once led up to the house, was now completely choked up with brambles and nettles, and its direction only indicated by two parallel rows of the hardy lilach, which blossomed in their season, in defiance of neglect. A large mulberry tree, hoary and hallowed by age, stood up in front, and, with outstretched arms, seemed endeavouring to hide the wretched condition of

the habitation. In sooth, every thing about wore the appearance of a careless and desolate neglect.

The gossip of the time went, that the place was haunted; and though I had reason to believe, only by a parcel of mischievous goats and whirling bats, I took little pains to undeceive the credulity of people around. Their faith in the unearthly tenants of the house was too strong to be weakened by the truth. The old woman by the chimney side, if you attempted to reason with her, shook her head, and mumbled something about a haunted Dutchman: while the school boy, who had his play ground hard by, warily avoided the umbrageous circle, and no consideration could tempt him to enter its gloomy precincts after nightfall or even at noon day. Indeed, I have often smiled at the adventure of a little urchin, less superstitious perhaps than his fellows, who ventured on one occasion, over the hedge, and even had the audacity to climb the old mulberry tree in quest of its fruit. Unfortunately for his courage, however, he heard a terrible trampling of hoofs, and an unearthly groan in the house, which caused him to drop from the tree, and hastily rushing out to his expectant mates, to declare that the berries were too sour to be worth the gathering.

This evil reputation of the tenement, while it rendered it exclusively solitary to the neighbours, favored, at the same time, my habits of loneliness. I took a melancholy pleasure in riding often to the spot during the lengthened twilights of autumn. I would tie my nag to a shrub on the outside, and clambering over the hedge, make my way, with no little difficulty, to the old ruin. The steps were broken down, but the piazza was quite low, and, with some caution in treading upon its damp-rotted floor, I could effect an entrance into the body of the house. It was a low, flat roofed building with four rooms upon a floor, and a wide passage way running through the middle. This led you to a long and somewhat narrow apartment or hall, in the rear of the house—the entrance to which was by an ascent of two steps, and a small window at the farthest extremity, which some curious visitor had wrenched open, and admitted the rays of the setting sun, which cast over the dingy orange colored walls a feeble and melancholy light. There was no article of furniture in the room except an old black oak table, some nine feet in length, standing on six stout turned legs, which were too firmly fixed in the floor to admit of removal. Around its edge, a rim or embossment of green serge, and a moth-eaten covering of the same article, left no doubt on the mind that it had been once used as a billiard table. This apartment was my favorite haunt. It was filled with a thousand recollections of pleasant and joyous days. I would linger here on an evening in autumn, sauntering listlessly up and down the room, around and about the table, whistling a half-forgotten glee, and playing a mimic game with my walking stick for a cue, until the last shades of twilight settled around me, and the melancholy sough of the dying wind coming through the hall, reminded me that it was growing late and my steed was waiting.

This, gentle reader, is a picture of the far-famed, and in my day, much frequented house and garden of the Indian Queen, in its ruin and desolation. It is now no more. The flames of an accidentally kindled fire, some years since, swept it from the face of the earth; and it now cum-

bereth no more the ground. The ploughshare has been busy, and the spot where it stood has nothing to distinguish it, but the ripe and rustling crop of Indian corn. Some forty years ago, however, another sky smiled upon the scene. There stood the sign of the Indian Queen, giving name to a public garden and house of amusement, a short way out of the city; whither the young people and the idle used to repair, of a summer's afternoon, for air and recreation. In sooth it was a spot as sweet and beautiful as you would find any where on the outskirts of a large town. Just remote enough from the hum and bustle of the crowd to possess all the noiseless quiet of a suburban retreat, it became the favorite point to which every idle fellow directed his footsteps of an evening, to smoke his segar, take his glass of milk-punch, or play his game of roulet or billiards. An extensive and well kept garden, attached to the establishment, afforded to the lover of nature all the ripening and blooming charms of fruit and flower; while the long gravel walks and alleys of shadowy trees led him unconsciously over an acre of ground.

My earliest recollections of Franz Schmelzle was as the keeper of the aforementioned establishment. He was then in the evening, or rather the afternoon of life, for he always looked as if he had just risen from a comfortable nap after dinner. His face possessed all that good natured sleepiness of expression—that air of ‘*pococuranteism*’ which bespeaks a mind content with its condition, and equally careless of the frowns and approval of the world. Time had sprinkled his head with just enough of gray, to attach respect, not veneration, to his age; while the plump rotundity of his person seemed to betoken an uninterrupted enjoyment of health and all the goodly comforts of life. Methinks I see him, as of old, sitting upon a rustic bench before his door, in all the simplicity of a patriarch. It is a sweet, still evening in ‘the melancholy month of October.’ The sun is just sinking in the west, leaving on the horizon above it, the liquid tinge of the cleft pomegranate. Before the door, in all the richness of the autumnal leaf, grows that ornament of our southern land, the Pride of India tree—its long, palm-like branches support so many umbrellas of yellow silk, while its thick clusters of berries, like rich bunches of golden grapes, present a ripe but unharvested profusion of fruit. The ground beneath carpeted with its fallen leaves, which the slightest current of air forms into flocks of parti-colored butterflies. The cold, gray sky above spans over the whole scene. And the night-hawk, wheeling on never-tiring wing, cleaves the air in graceful evolutions, ever and anon startling the silence with its shrill scream. All beside is inexpressibly soft and still.

But there is yet another charm, between whiles coming and vanishing on the scene, in the person of Thienette—sweet little Thienette—the only, the lovely, the well-beloved daughter of Franz. In truth she is a sweet girl, as Ned Vernon used to say, like a bundle of wild thyme, or a flower growing by the way side to cheer the weary traveller. She is in the hey-day of youth, jocund and blythe as the young shepherdess that ‘early walks a field at the fresh harvest time.’ Here she comes, tripping it lightly with her dainty little feet, to do her father’s bidding. A form graceful and delicate, though withal, as you would say, somewhat *embonpoint*. Her flaxen hair falling artlessly in one smooth wave

over a brow more delicately white and soft, than the blanched almond. And then the large, clear, lustrous blue eye beneath—the cheek striving to hide the roses that withal would bloom—and the lips pouting, smiling and sad by turns. There she goes up to her father's knee, and throwing her white arms around his neck, kisses him fondly.

Now Franz, albeit a kind and doating father, yet had enough of the worldly-minded parent about him to know, that Thiennette, contented and happy as she seemed, was yet a woman, and that sooner or later, like every pretty girl beside, certain sly notions would creep into her heart which it would be impossible to shut out. Indeed he shrewdly suspected that this already began to be her plight, and that something or other was playing the very deuce with her little heart. So thinking the best way to secure the fortress to his interest, was, by possessing it with a garrison of his own election, he looked around him, and finally fixed his mind upon one, whom he thought a marvellous proper man for his purpose.

There happened at this time to be living in the town, a certain bluff, round-faced, long-legged countryman of Franz, yclept Master Butcher Steinberger, a man of some consequence in trade, and therefore not without condition in the world. Him, Franz designed, as the happy husband of Thiennette. But there must be two parties to a compact: and Thiennette, though previously consulted as a mere matter of form, concluded in expressing the most hearty and unequivocal contempt and aversion to the killer of cattle and swine. Franz, at first, was astonished not so much at Thiennette's disobedience of his will, as at her want of taste and good discretion in not admiring so worthy and desirable a man as the Master Butcher. He bore the matter calmly at first, and calling his philosophy and common sense to the encounter, sat down quietly one afternoon, with Thiennette by his side, to reason her into his measures. For some time he went on in his argument without any effect. Thiennete, with a dogged silence, kept her eyes steadfastly fixed on a flower which her tiny little fingers were pettishly tearing to pieces, leaf by leaf, upon her lap. Biting her lips, till her pearly teeth were almost stained with its crimson glow—her dainty little feet were all the while beating with impatience to get away from their restraint. Warily and with masterly skill did Franz advance his reasoning. But in truth Thiennette heard not a word. She was thinking of something else, I trow, until Franz, looking up by chance upon the high road, just in the nick of time, beheld a happy reinforcement coming to his aid. Wending their way along, came adown the road a numerous herd of steers and cows, and eke of well-fatted calves. With many a shout and loud *ho-a*, the sable herdsmen impel them onward, while bringing up the rear, mounted on a little switch-tailed roan poney, his long legs rakishly dangling to the ground, comes the lord proprieter of the whole, the veritable Master Butcher Steinberger himself.

"Thiennette," said the worthy Franz, taking her coaxingly by the hand, and pointing with his pipe step to the advancing caravan, "Thiennette, little wife, lookee—dost see yon goodly herd, so sleek and fat—they are worth much money; and when they are slaughtered and sold out, will lay many a hard dollar in somebody's strong box."

Thiennette merely raised her eyes in obedience to his earnest call, and dropped them again suddenly on the flower in her lap.

"Harkee, fraulein!" he went on: "Wouldst be the mistress of all that white metal? Wouldst hold the key of that strong box? See here comes the master of them all. He hath a mind for thee daughterkin. He would make thee his wife—Master Butcher Steinberger. You must marry him, Thiennette. I have promised the Master Butcher thou shalt be his."

This conversation, of which we have only given the beginning, ended, as might be supposed, in quite another tone. Thiennette objected at first—begged time for consideration—implored, and finally ended in a flat refusal. Her father argued—urged the matter—commanded, and burst out into a terrible gust of passion, ordering Thiennette to her room, and swearing she should stay there and die, unless she consented to marry Master Steinberger on the ensuing September.

Sad and wearily did Thiennette draw the time along, laden with her father's displeasure. Shut up within doors, and not allowed to go beyond the precincts of the garden—admitted to see no company, but at the stiff and formal visits of the Master Butcher, she lived from day to day in gloomy anticipations of her coming bridal. The Indian Queen at this time was uncommonly dull and solitary. The rainy season had set in, and visitors ventured but seldom out of town. Even the most inveterate billiard players felt the ennui of the weather, and concluding their games, went home at an early hour of the night, leaving the long and dimly lighted hall empty and still. Franz himself began to exhibit symptoms of gloominess and blue devils. He was moody and sad. He sat no longer on the bench before the door. He smoked less, and, though I blush to tell it, he drank more. Where he took one glass before, he took three now. Something ailed him. When asked what it was, he only ejaculated 'Ter Tevil!' The very house too seemed possessed with the evil influence. The high equinoctial winds howled piteously around its corners, and the heavy rain drops pattered upon its roof, or drove violently against the window glasses. But this was not the worst. Strange and mysterious noises were heard at the dead of night. The crack of the cue and the rebounding of the ball were heard in the billiard room long after the house had been shut up and every body had retired; while a loud rumbling noise, like distant thunder, rolled down the long nine-pin alley. The servants were terrified and could not sleep; they saw, or fancied they saw, ghosts and goblins. One fellow putting his woolly pate into the door of the billiard room, where he heard a noise, received a crack thereon which convinced him ever afterwards. While, doleful to relate, the worthy Master Butcher himself, as he was getting on his horse late one night, after having discussed a long story and a deep bowl of *schnaps* with Franz, had his steed so frightened that he was thrown into a nauseous mud-puddle, where he was soundly belaboured and left until morning.

Things were getting more and more into this gloomy condition, when Franz, who had all along with doubtful ear listened to the marvellous relation of events, resolved on one occasion to put the truth of the matter to the test. He called all the domestics around him, and took their several depositions with the minuteness of Master Dogberry in the play. To

the long adventure of the Master Butcher he lent the most attentive ear: and finally resolved, in consideration that the ensuing morrow was to be Thiennette's marriage day, that if his future son-in-law would smoke a pipe beside him, they would sit up that night in the billiard room, and keep the marriage vigil. Matters were soon arranged. The Master Butcher was nothing loth, particularly as he got a welcome smile and kindly glance from Thiennette's eye, as she went at her father's bidding to mix with her well-skilled hand, a deep and potent bowl of punch, that would serve them till daylight. At which dainty household duty let us leave her, and hasten to the issue of our story.

It is now the deep and solemn hour of midnight. The weather without is dark and blustering. The rain from time to time comes pattering down in large drops against the closed shutters of the Indian Queen. Occasional gusts of wind striking the old house, cause it to tremble in every joint, or whirling around its corners die away in a low and distant moan. While dark and scraggy clouds rushing on the wild winds through the sky, portend one of those equinoctial gales which so frequently burst on this devoted land. In the long and dimly lighted billiard room, are to be seen two figures seated before the wide chimney-place. Beside them, on a small table, stands an earthen punch bowl, the liquor of which, by this time, has ebbed almost to the bottom. Two silver cans, or cups, with massy handles, lie beside it, the one upset and resting on its side, the other upright and containing some small portion of beverage. Through the dense volume of tobacco smoke which completely fills the room, the persons of its occupants may be seen. You may recognize the taller of the two in the recumbent form of the Master Butcher Steinberger. He has fallen back into the high arm chair, in a state of profound, and not-to-be-wakened slumber. His nether lip dropping nervelessly down, has let fall his pipe, which lies shattered on the ground. While his elongated legs elevated on the table before him, threatens similar destruction to the huge punch bowl. Over and against him sits the worthy Franz, still retaining in his mouth his pipe, but looking with a stupid and unmeaning gaze upon the fast expiring embers in the fire place. He is not quite asleep, but in a state of dreamy drowsiness, which the deep silence around, broken only by the monotonous click of a large clock in the nearest corner, and the sharp tinkling of the falling embers, like fairy bells afar off, tends to produce and maintain. A stupid yawn from time to time, followed by a longer puff of his pipe, or by another ladle of the all potent *schnaps*, disturbed only the monotony of the scene.

It was now midnight. The hands of the old clock pointed to twelve. That whirring, purring noise that it makes when it is about to strike, awakened Franz from a doze, into which he had just dropped. The sonorous metal sounded—one, two, three, and then went on striking to twelve. Nor did it stop there, but a spring or some wheel breaking, it went on repeating, until Franz counted twenty-four, and then with a whirring of wheels ran down completely. At this awful moment, as Franz stood gazing wildly at the dial of the clock, supporting his unsteady form by holding to the rim of the billiard table, a sudden rustling was heard immediately behind him; and turning round in mortal terror,

Franz beheld the very goblin himself. A tall, gaunt, but powerfully framed figure stood before him. His countenance death-like and sallow, was rendered still more unearthly by his blue unshaven beard, and a single eye flashing from its deep orb like the lustrous glow-worm in a death's head. A deep sable dress covered his limbs, and a black cloak thrown partly from one shoulder, displayed his blanched and sinewy arm. In one hand he held a black ebony mace, while, in the other, he extended with a slow gesture and mysterious meaning, another of a more natural substance.

The heart of Franz sunk within him at the sight. His first impulse was to turn and fly—his next to wake up the Master Butcher. But there were two difficulties to this; Franz now began to feel the effect of the *schnaps* in his trembling knees and dizzy brain, and the Master Butcher, by the loud trumpeting of his nasal member, gave him notice that he could hope for no reinforcement in that quarter. What was he to do? With a feeling of desperation and an almost mechanical habit, Franz took the cue that was stretched out to his hand. At which the spectre gave his mace a flourish, which almost grazed the tip of his partner's nose, and, advancing towards the head of the table, prepared for the trial of skill. Franz seeing what he designed, was in no wise loth to bear a hand, and in a few moments the contest begun in good earnest. Crack went the cue—skip went the balls white and red, rolling and bouncing in every point or place of contact. Never did Franz play a better or a steadier game in his life. His head went round in a whirligig, but his eye was sure and his hand true to his aim. In sooth, he had the devil to deal with. His opponent, out of his solitary eye, glanced from the handle to the point of his mace, and the ball flew as if directed by fate. Yet Franz, nothing doubting his skill, exerted it to the utmost. They were now even in the game, until a series of most lucky hits threw Franz so far ahead of his adversary that his success seemed certain. Just at this moment the spectre seemed suddenly to lose all patience. His eye flashed fury, and aiming a terrible blow at Franz, which happily missed its aim, he shattered the solitary lamp that hung over the table into a thousand pieces. Franz, dodging to avoid the blow, stumbled, reeled and fell prostrate against the side table, upsetting table, punch bowl and all in one promiscuous ruin upon the prostrate Master Butcher, who snored out the louder amid the din and confusion. In a moment all was pitchy darkness and the silence of the grave, uninterrupted only by the sighing of the wind without, and the stentorian snorting of the Master Butcher within. Franz lay for sometime in a mortal fright and cold sweat, but that soon subsided, and the deep bass of his nasal organ joined in harmonious concert with the loud tenor of his worthy associate.

The morning came out clear and beautiful. The storm had over-blown and left a cold, blue and cloudless sky; and the sun, now two hours high, shone out brightly upon the still closed windows of the Indian Queen. A busy and disturbed group of men are to be seen about the piazza and around the building. They are endeavoring to gain admittance at the door. Loud and thundering raps shake the house to its very centre, but no response from within. At last they become alarmed and impatient. The door is forced; and rushing in, the crowd search in

every room for some one of the inmates. At last they come to the door of the billiard-room. They find it closed within. It is burst open—when lo! raising his body upon his hands and knees, like the picture of the frog in the fable, swelling himself to the size of the ox, may be seen the person of worthy Franz. His eyes red with the last night's debauch, and rolling, with stupid astonishment, in the circumference of two saucers. Beside him, from under the table, in equal wonderment, peeps forth the burly face of the honest Butcher, his head by a strange accident ensconced in the huge punch bowl, befitting him like Mambrino's helmet, while the weight of the huge arm-chair, that had fallen upon him with the table, utterly prevented his rising. The first burst of laughter over, assistance was rendered the redoubted pair; and Franz explained, or attempted to explain, their adventure by night, and the cause of their strange situation in the morning. The good people heard the relation, but wisely shook their heads and interchanged certain expressive looks with one another.

"But my good friends and neighbours, you have come early and waited long for the wedding show. Come merry companions all, and guests—come Master Butcher Steinberger, shame on you to be sleeping so late when pretty Thienette has been ready this hour. Where is Thienette?—Bid her come forth to this good company."

At that moment a carriage drove up in front of the house. The door flew open and outstepped a gentleman, followed by a female in her bridal veil. Hanging on his arm she advanced towards the astonished party. And kneeling before the wonder-stricken Franz, and throwing her veil aside presented the lovely features of his own daughter; his Thienette—the sweet and blushing bride of—reader, would you believe it?—of my thrice worthy friend, my principal and participator in the vile spectre trick—the gentle master Edward Vernon.

## SONNET.

## THE POOR DEBTOR.

To-morrow I shall meet a laborer,  
To whom I owe some monies for work done—  
Him shall I meet whom I were glad to shun;—  
It was a set day which I did prefer,  
As one on which he should be fully paid,—  
He will address me with a patient 'Sir,  
I am in want'—emphatically said,  
For it is truth; and I, alas! must stir  
From my invention up, some poor reply  
Of mean evasion. Wherefore was I born,  
To be, great God! the thing of mine own scorn;  
To feel the want I may not satisfy?—  
Yet, nothing superfluous—all in need,  
They hungering whom I love—for whom I'd bleed.

## THE WIDOW OF THE CHIEF.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' ETC.

## I.

'TWAS in the hidden depth of Indian vales,  
 A wall of woods and waters swelling round,  
 Where seldom came the strong and stormy gales,  
 Or with maimed force and mitigated sound,  
 The tumulus of many an age arose,  
 Where long forgotten nations found repose.

## II.

The broken earth, the freshly gathered clay,  
 Told of a recent burial, while above,  
 Moaning in accents wild, a woman lay,  
 With look that spoke of a dissever'd love !  
 And singing mournfully a lingering strain,  
 Of mingling shame and glory—pride and pain.

## III.

'Twas in that language which the Indian deems  
 Sole in his fabled heaven, that soars behind  
 The western waters—there where swamps and streams  
 Shall neither stay the chase, nor taint the wind—  
 Where life shall be all morning—where fatigue  
 Shall never clog the form, tho' wandering many a league.

## IV.

Its tones were soft and delicate—they stole  
 Like the faint murmur on the Oconé\* wave  
 When first the morning meets it—the warm soul  
 Of a strong feeling mingling with it, gave  
 A deep and melancholy strain, which told  
 How all that love once lived for had grown cold.

## V.

The chief she wail'd had led the tribe to war,  
 And won his hundred battles. He had stood,  
 Unvanquish'd, bleeding at full many a scar,  
 Marking his path through the dread field in blood,  
 Nor, though the bravest at his side lay slain,  
 Until the foe was vanquish'd left the plain.

## VI.

Yet he who to his foe had never shown  
 His back in battle, in his highest pride,  
 By traitor weapons, in the dark struck down,  
 May well bring lamentations to his bride—  
 And mingle with the memory of a chief  
 So well beloved and worthy, many a grief.

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\* Oconé, or Occonyee, a small river in the State of Georgia.

## VII.

A deeper sorrow yet—a sterner fate  
 Hangs o'er the mourner: she who lov'd the brave,  
 Whose death had left her lone and desolate,  
 Must, with her people, fly the warrior's grave—  
 Must yield the mournful solace, to behold,  
 And deck the mound where sleeps the bravest bold.

## VIII.

And sung she mournfully—"The invader pale  
 Shall seize our homes, and by the swelling brink  
 Of the broad waters, and on hill and vale,  
 Build up his dwellings, till the deer shall shrink  
 Stealthily back, into his forests deep,  
 Nor from the cover of the thick swamp sleep.

## IX.

"And they shall rob the woods of all that make  
 Them lovely to the Indian. They shall bring  
 Forbidden sounds into the silent brake,  
 And banish thence the birds, and blight the spring,  
 Nor spare the warrior's bones, nor leave the bloom  
 And beauty of the flow'rs that hang above his tomb.

## X.

"Yet, 'tis not this," in wilder mood she sung,  
 "Not that they take the silence from the woods,  
 And chase the bird away and chide his tongue,  
 And turn to other paths the gentle floods,  
 Making the mill course; while the red deer shrink,  
 And tremble, in the troubled waves to drink—

## XI.

"But that the Indian with the sun must glide,  
 No more a chief of the woods, no longer free,  
 And leave the vales and waters, once his pride,  
 The home endeared by a long infancy,  
 The woods he roved for ages, and the graves  
 Where lie the sacred bones of all his braves.

## XII.

"In vain their troubled shades would seek to find,  
 When the pale white man shall our land o'erspread,  
 The scenes—the fields—the homes that may remind  
 And tell them of the glories of the dead.  
 The tall pine shall be torn away from earth  
 As if it never had in the deep valley birth.

## XIII.

"A people shall succeed who shall not know  
 The race they robb'd of home and heritage—  
 And they shall boast, perchance, when we are low,  
 Of homes descended through full many an age,  
 To them unbroken:—Who shall ask the lot  
 Of the great nation vanish'd and forgot?"

## LITERARY COINCIDENCES.

*Mr. Editor*,—Of attempts to trace the curious and pleasant matter of literary resemblance, I am acquainted with but three: a paper in the *Adventurer*, by Warton; Hurd's Letter on the *Marks of Imitation*; and Berdmore's *Specimens of Literary Resemblance*. The first of these is a very imperfect collection of parallels to passages of Pope. The second is more general; and, with the methods of distinguishing mere coincidence of thought from actual plagiarism, gives examples of either of these poetic lapses. The last-named performance is little else than an exposure of Bishop Hurd's own literary thefts from Catrou's Virgil; and is scarcely slighter, as to matter, than it is slashing, in point of tone.

Permit me, to these very partial collections of coincidences, to add such further ones as, in my own somewhat miscellaneous studies, have struck me as worthy of remark, either for the beauty of the passages themselves, or for the obviousness of the source from which the thought has come.

Let the much-disputed question of Shakspeare's learning be settled, when it may, it seems to me difficult to believe that he had not read and admired the following beautiful lines of Persius:

“Nunc non è manibus illis,  
Nunc non è tumulo fortunataque favilla  
Nascentur violæ.” *Sat. I. v. 38.*

“Laertes. Lay her in the dust;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring.” *Hamlet.*

Both these passages recal, very strongly, the pathetic lines in Pope's ‘Elegy on an unfortunate Young Lady’:

“Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast.  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;  
There the first roses of the year shall blow.”

This too, in its turn, makes one recollect Gray's tomb of the Poet:

“There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,  
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found.”

Which Byron probably intended to parody, in speaking, among the delights of the English climate, of

“Her sea-coal fires, the earliest of the year.”

The very startling image in Coleridge's *Fire, Famine and Slaughter Eclogue*, where all Hell expresses its delight at hearing the name of Pitt, is not without its distinct classical prototype.

Lucan, in his *Pharsalia*, makes the inhabitants of Tartarus receive, with like applauses, those breeders of sedition and carnage, the Drusii and Gracchi:

“Æternis Chalybum nodis et carcere Ditis  
Constrictæ plausere manus, camposque piorum  
Poscit turba nocens.” *Pharsalia, VI. 798.*

"No! no! no!  
Myself I named him once below;  
And all the souls that damned be,  
Leaped up, at once, in anarchy,  
Clapped their hands and danced for glee."

Milton, too, (whom a striking image, if learning can furnish it, rarely escapes,) makes his damned, in the same manner, when gratified,

"clank their chains,  
In transport and rude harmony."

The latter part of Lucretius's thought suggests the powerful verses in the *Giaour*, where the Turkish ravagers of Greece are compared to the expelled fiends who have repossessed themselves of heaven:

"It is as tho' the fiends prevailed  
Against the seraphs they assailed,  
And, fixed on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of hell."

Virgil's fabrication of the bolts of Jove is very noble. Milton, however, though he stops not to forge them, hurls them like the thunderer himself:

"And the thunder,  
*Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,*  
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep." *Parad. Lost.*

"Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ  
Addiderunt, rutili tres ignis et alitis austri;  
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque metumque  
Miscebant operi, *flamisque sequacibus iras.*" *Aeneid VIII.* 429.

The 'flamisque sequacibus iras' is here precisely the thought of Milton's 'Winged with the red lightning,' &c.

There are, however, few passages fitter to be placed in parallel than Milton's description of Eve at the fountain, and Byron's charming picture of the equally artless Dudù:

"As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the watery gleam appeared,  
Bending to look on me: I started back,  
It started back; but, pleased, I soon returned:  
Pleased, it returned as soon, with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love."

"In perfect innocence, she then unmade  
Her toilet; which cost little—for she was  
A child of nature, carelessly arrayed:  
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,  
'Twas like the fawn, which, in the lake displayed,  
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass;  
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,  
Admiring this new native of the deep." *Don Juan, VI.* 60.

Here, however, as in some other fine instances of coincidence that we are about to cite, it is difficult to pronounce whether or not there is imitation; while, nevertheless, it can scarcely be supposed that the modern poet had not in his mind the beautiful passage of his great predecessor.

In the same manner, Keats' Apostrophe to Sleep but recalls, and shuns to imitate Macbeth.

"Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of Care,  
The death of each day's life, sore Labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast.'" *Act II. Scene 2.*

"O magic Sleep! O comfortable bird,  
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind,  
Till it is hush'd and smooth! O unconfined  
Restraint! imprisoned liberty! great key  
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,  
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,  
Echoing grottos, fall of tumbling waves  
And moonlight; aye, to all the mazy world  
Of silvery enchantment!—who, upfurled  
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,  
But renovates and lives?" *Endymion.*

Milton's noble and affecting inscriptive Sonnet for his own door has, too, what half-seems its original, in Cicero's Oration for Archias the Poet.

"Sit igitur Judices, sanctum apud vos, humanissimos homines, hoc poetæ nomen,  
quod nulla unquam barbaria violavit. Saxa et solitudines voci respondent; bestiæ  
sæpe immanes cantu flectuntur et consistunt."

"Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may sieze,  
If deed of honor did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within defend from harms.  
He can requite thee: for he knows the charms  
That call down fame on gentle acts like these;  
And he can spread thy name o'er land and seas,  
Whatever clime 'the sun's bright circle warms.  
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:  
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare  
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
Went to the ground; and the repeated air  
Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
To save th' Athenian walls from ruin bare."

Thomson had evidently, for the composition of his larger poem—by which alone (although infinitely inferior to his *Castle of Indolence*) is he popularly known—read the *Georgics* with great attention. His Nightingale robbed of its young, for instance, is evidently expanded from a like passage in Virgil:

"But let not chief the nightingale lament  
Her ruined care, too delicately formed  
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
Oft when, returning with her loaded bill  
The astonished mother finds a vacant nest  
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
Her pinions ruffle, and, low drooping, scarce  
Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade,  
Where, all abandoned to despair, she sings  
Her sorrows through the night; and on the bough  
Sole sitting, still, at every dying fall,

Takes up again her lamentable strain  
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods  
Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound." *Spring.*

"Qualis populea mœrens Philomela sub umbra  
Amissos queritur fætus; quos durus arator  
Observans, nido implumes detraxit: at illa  
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen  
Integrat, et mæstis late loca questibus implet." *Georg. IV. 511.*

Here we have the 'poplar shade;' the stolen young; the 'unrelenting clown;' the vacant nest; the complaint prolonged through the night; the very bough on which she sits; the 'lamentable strain' continually renewed; the woods around filled with her sad complaints; every thing, in short, except the feeding of the young; which is the only fresh circumstance added to the description.

A like instance of expansion—though far happier—is found in that well-known passage of the *Giaour*, where beauty is compared to a butterfly chased by a boy.

"As, rising on its purple wing,  
The insect queen of Eastern Spring  
O'er emerald meadows of Cashmere  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on, from flower to flower,  
A weary chase and wasted hour;  
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye:  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child  
With hue as bright and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betrayed,  
Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace  
From infant's play or man's caprice.  
The lovely toy, so fiercely sought,  
Has lost its charm by being caught:  
For every touch, that wooed its stay,  
Has brushed its brightest hues away;  
Till, charm and hue and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone!"

Now, what is this but, with the addition of Eastern imagery and much amplification, Pope's idea—

"Pleasure the sex, as children birds, pursue,  
Still out of reach, but never out of view;  
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,  
To covet, flying, and regret, when lost."

In Shelley's *Cenci*, two very open imitations of Shakspeare occur. The first is from *Othello*.

"Put out the light, and then—put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light relume,  
Should I repent me: but, once put out thy light,  
Thou cunningest pattern of excelling Nature,  
I know not where's that Promethean spark  
That can thy light relume."

In the *Cenci*, one of the parricides says to the other,

"But light the lamp: let us not talk i'the dark.

*Giacomo*, (*lighting it.*) And yet once quenched, I cannot thus relume  
My father's life."

The other instance is from Hamlet's soliloquy—

— "The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit from the unworthy takes."

Shelley makes one of his personages expatriate, in the same way, on

— "all the taunts  
Which from the prosperous weak misfortune takes."

The fine thought in Campbell's *Lochiel*, that he whose vision heaven has touched with prophecy, cannot, if he would, conceal his knowledge of the future, may certainly, with much probability, be traced to the following lofty passage from the grandest of all prose writers:

"Yea, that mysterious book of Revelation, which the great Evangelist was bid to eat, as it had been some eye-brightening electuary of knowledge and foresight, though it was sweet in his mouth and in the learning, it was bitter in his belly—bitter in the denouncing. Nor was this hid from the wise poet Sophocles; who, in that place of his tragedy where Tyresias is called to resolve king Oedipus in a matter which he knew would be grievous, brings him in bemoaning his lot, that he knew more than other men. For surely, to every good and peaceable man, it must, in nature, needs be a hateful thing to be the displeaser and molester of thousands. Much better would it like him, doubtless, to be the messenger of gladness and contentment; which is, indeed, his chief intended business to all mankind, but that they resist and oppose their own happiness. But when God commands to take the trumpet and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what conceal."—*Milton's Reasons for Church Government*.

In Goldsmith's *Retaliation*, the conclusion of the character of Burke is from one of Pope's detached thoughts.

"In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed or in place, sir,  
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor."

"To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to saw blocks with a razor."—*Pope*.

Byron's rebuke of himself, by Phœbus—

"But here Apollo pluck'd me by the ear," &c.

is derived from a like divine interposition in Virgil:

"Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem  
Vellit, et admonuit 'Pastorem, Tityre, pingues  
Pascere oportet opes [oves?] deductum dicere carmen.'"

*Eclog. VI. 5.*

This, too, is the meaning of Milton in his *Lycidas*:

"Fame is the spur that the clear sprite doth raise  
(That last infirmity of noble minds,) To scorn delights and live laborious days:  
But the fair guerdon which we hope to find,  
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
Comes the blind Fury, with the abhorred sheers,  
And slits the thin-spun life—"but not the praise,'  
*Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.*"

This poetic admonition, however, appears, in all instances, to be, on Apollo's part, the sign of a very gracious sort of displeasure: like those welcome pinches of the ear, which Napoleon, when in glee, was used to bestow on his favorites.

It is from Lord Peterborough's saying of Fenelon—"He was cast in a particular mould, that was never used for any body else,"—(in Spence)—that Byron takes his thought, in the *Monody on Sheridan*:

"Long shall we seek his likeness; long, in vain;  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,  
And broke the die in moulding Sheridan."

Pope's pleasant image of those indefatigable writers, whose vigils are spent in compounding literary opiates for others—

"Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep"—

is but the thought of one of those many epigrams which were rained upon Chapelain, upon the appearance of his long-delayed *Pucelle*:

"Quæ dempsere tibi somnum vigilata tot annos  
Carmina, nunc nobis hunc, Capelane, cient."

The two following seem to me not a little to illustrate the fine thoughts, in Gray's *Elegy*, which follow the stanza beginning

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
Some breast, once pregnant with celestial fire"—

Machiavelli, in speaking of Moses and Romulus, and the politics founded by them, says—

"Ed esaminando le azione e vita loro, non si vede che quelli avessero altro della fortuna che l'occasione; la quelle dette loro materia da potere introdurvi dentro quilla forma che parse loro: e senza quella occasione, la virtù dell'animo loro si sarebbe spenta; e senza quella virtù, l'occasione sarebbe venuta invano."—*Il Principe*.

The other is still more striking:

"Cromwell was one of those geniuses, who are oft-times buried in obscurity, through want of occasion of being known. Thousands spend their lives in retirement, who are capable of greater things than most of those whose names are tossed from every tongue and voiced for wise, skilful, able, valiant. In times of peace, these men are little known or noticed. They are overlooked among the herd, or treated with a coldness and disregard, that damps their ambition, and establishes their virtue."—Rev. Wm. Harris' *Life of Cromwell*, 1761; a little later than the first publication of the Elegy.

Here, Sir, without waiting for a sign from Apollo, I will break off. If such coincidences as these give your readers any pleasure, I have not yet by any means exhausted my store: which, however, has rejected, as you will perceive, all but passages and poets of the best sort. J.

## THE AUTHOR OF 'MARTIN FABER,' 'GUY RIVERS,' AND 'THE YEMASSEE.'

It may be proper to remark, before entering into an examination of his novels, that Simms commenced his literary career in the character of a poet. The first offspring of his Muse consisted of three volumes of poems, one of which, we understand, was entitled 'Early Lays,' and, like most 'early' efforts, they were destined to a very ephemeral reputation. Anxious to place our foot upon the first round of the ladder which our aspiring young countryman has since attempted to ascend, we have searched, but searched in vain, for copies of these juvenile productions. They have been studiously suppressed by their author, and are not now to be found. Although dissatisfied with them himself, and not much applauded even by his friends, they are still said to contain some choice pieces, which indicate a high degree of poetical talent. The only effort, known to us, which reflects much credit upon Simms as a poet, is 'Atlantis, a Story of the Sea, in Three Parts.' The author has somewhere told us, that his sole object in the structure of this 'fairy tale' was "the embodiment to the mind's eye of some of those

"Gay creatures of the element  
That in the colors of the rainbow live  
And play i'the plighted clouds."

The *dramatis personæ* of this 'story' are liable to criticism, and the objection to them is, that we feel no sympathy for or with beings of such a description, and that we take no interest in events brought about by the instrumentality of such means as they employ. Tales, so constituted, are not—and we are glad that it is so—in exact keeping with the taste and spirit of the present age. They might, and they did, in former times, fall in readily enough with the notions of a credulous and superstitious people, but with the progress of science and literature, changes have been effected in the feelings and opinions of mankind. The machinery of the old romances and the old plays (though it may have even Shakespeare for its warrant) is, almost by universal consent, proscribed in the structure of fictions in modern times; and Walter Scott has never been pardoned for having introduced it into the Monastery, a tale even of the dark ages. The love of the marvellous still exists, and probably always will continue, and, in order to gratify the passion, since ghosts and hobgoblins are fairly chased out of the world, an approach there must be, we admit, to something *like* super-human agency; but the object is sufficiently attained by giving to human beings extraordinary powers, and placing them in unusual situations. The mind revolts from imposition—it must be satisfied that there is no covert trick or artifice in the attempts that are made to please it—that the beings who move upon the scene are really human beings, actuated by human motives, excited by human passions, living in the very same world that we ourselves inhabit, and deriving their life, light and warmth from the same sources; and that the various events which are pourtrayed, however remarkable in themselves, are such as may be accounted for upon principles of human agency, and

such as are adapted to awaken a purely human interest. The novelist or poet may *imagine* such beings and such events—beings and events which have no other existence than *in* his own imagination, but he must adapt his fictitious creations to a strictly human standard, and not to one merely ideal. This, at least, the popular taste, in an enlightened age, requires. We may possibly be responded to by a reference to 'Manfred' and the 'Pilgrims of the Rhine,' and other works of the same class; but the laws of taste are independent of particular examples. Neither Byron nor Bulwer is infallible. The interest excited in those works is strained and artificial, and their authors have displayed, *quoad hæc*, an ignorance of human nature and the sources of human sympathy. We venture to say, that nine readers out of ten of the last named work, notwithstanding its fascinations of style, uniformly pass over those chapters which contain the loves of the fairies, in order to get immediately at the interesting tale narrated in the alternate chapters, of real life. We leave, with reluctance, the material and sensible world, which it is our lot to inhabit, for the spiritual and imaginative one of the poet's creation, and take far less interest in the plans and passions of sylphs, angels and sea-demons, than in those of men and women—beings of our own species. It is the dictate of Nature, be it good or ill, and one which we are bound to obey.

Still 'Atalantis' is a beautiful fiction—an uncommonly pleasing 'fairy tale.' It does not, for the reasons stated, awaken a very strong interest, but it is fanciful, sprightly and eccentric. The spirits who figure in it are, for the most part, possessed of very pleasing qualities, and for aught we know to the contrary, act very consistently as spirits do and should act. They are of various names, attributes and offices. Besides the heroine (if we may so distinguish 'Atalantis') and her ugly suitor, there are 'Shell,' 'Zephyr' and 'Flower Spirits,' and a 'Spirit of the Elements,' and 'Sea-Demons,' who talk in exceedingly good blank verse which cannot be surpassed for smoothness, and occasionally sing songs which are exquisite. Take as a specimen, the song of the 'Zephyr Spirit':

"I come from the deeps where the mermaiden twines,  
In her bow'rs of amber, her garland of shells;  
Where the sands are of gold, and of crystal, the vines,  
And the spirit of gladness unchangingly dwells—  
I breathed on the harp at Zephyrus' cave,  
And the strain, as it rose, glided upwards with me;  
No dwelling on earth, but my home is the wave,  
And my couch is the coral grove, deep in the sea.  
  
"Thou hast dream'd—hast thou not?—of those wave-girdled bow'rs,  
Where all that can win the heart, beams on the sight:  
Where life is a frolic through fancies and flow'rs,  
And the soul lives in dreams of a lasting delight.  
Thou wouldest win what thy dreams have long brought to thy view,  
Thou wouldest dwell with the moon that now beams upon thee,  
To the fears of the earth—to its cares, bid adieu,  
Come, rest in the coral grove, deep in the sea.  
  
"With my breath I will fan thee when noon-day is nigh,  
The gentlest of naiads will lull thee to sleep;  
She will watch by thy couch when the sun passes by,  
Nor fly when the moon leaves her home in the deep."

Each joy thou hast sigh'd for, thall there be thine own,  
The sorrows of time from thy slumbers shall flee,  
Then come with me—win all the pleasures I've shown,  
Come rest in the coral grove, deep in the sea."

Upon the whole, we think no critic can rise up from the perusal of this 'Story,' without feeling much gratification, and without acknowledging that its author possesses the genius and genuine spirit of a poet, and is capable of far higher efforts.

It is not, however, in the character of a poet, but of a novelist, that Simms deserves particular notice. His first essay, in this department, was 'Martin Faber; the Story of a Criminal.' As a Southern production it was considerably read abroad, and excited interest in our own circles from the fact, that an effort of the kind was wholly unexpected from the source whence it originated. The author says, in the preface, that "it is an experiment; and the style and spirit are, it is believed, something out of the beaten track. The events are of real occurrence, and to the judgment of the author, the peculiarities of character which he has here drawn—if they may be considered such, which are somewhat too common to human society—are genuine and unexaggerated."

There is nothing very remarkable in this story. 'The style and spirit' are good, but we cannot say that they are 'something out of the beaten track.' 'Eugene Aram' and 'Miserrimus' were written with feelings of the same kind. Originality in the structure of such a tale is out of the question—models enough for it may be found in the 'Newgate Calendar.' Like most narratives of the kind, which depict the workings of the more terrible passions, it awakens a strong interest, which is well sustained throughout. This it would not do, if the author's theory were correct that such characters are 'common'—to 'be found hourly in real life.' They are, we think, *not* 'common'—such examples are rare, scattered like beacons, here and there along the coast of life, for warnings. It is their infrequency which makes them remarkable and striking—fit subjects for a tale like the present. If every other house were a jail, and every other man we met a murderer, where would be the piquancy and zest of fictions founded on events so stale and ordinary? or what right should we have to call those works, 'fictions'—'stories'—'mere creations of genius,' which were, in fact, nothing less than histories of facts and representations of real life?

We cannot agree with those who pronounce this work of Simms 'a complete failure.' We know it is quite the fashion to regard *first works* as 'failures,' but this unpretending story is well told, in a style of remarkable simplicity, directness and vigor. When we began to read it, we were reminded of the concise and nervous style of Charles Brockden Brown, which it greatly resembles. Simms must have been reading 'Wieland,' and felt in the vein of strong, solemn and gloomy conceptions. It is said by some that the moral tendency of the work is not good. Is this because 'Martin Faber' is a criminal? or because he is a fatalist? All criminals are fatalists, at least those who reason are so. They will tell you when you ask why they committed such acts, that 'they could not help it!' 'It was so decreed!' 'They were mere instruments in the hands of Providence!' Will you believe them? Is it unusual for bad men,

who commit crimes, to adopt false theories in order to justify their conduct? Our logic is not to be learned in such schools, or our morality to be borrowed from such examples. It is sufficient for the moral instruction of mankind, that, in works of fiction, virtue should come off victorious in its struggle with vice,—that crime should draw after it its natural consequence, misery, and such is the lesson inculcated, in letters of light, in this little volume. The guilty wretch, who had so frequently apologized for crimes voluntarily committed, upon the plea of a fatal necessity, was, at last, doomed to suffer the fearful punishment which they deserved. Morality and virtue were vindicated, and the laws of God, and the laws of man, enforced. What more was necessary?

Without a further analysis of 'Martin Faber,' which was a good commencement, we pass to the second novel in the series, 'Guy Rivers.' This is emphatically, what it pretends to be, a 'Tale' of our own times and of our own country, and it owes a principal source of its power and attraction to this cause. We are aware that the majority of novelists place the chief interest of their works in the narration of events which are assumed to have taken place in a past and remote period. They seem to have been under the impression, though we think it a false one, that events viewed through the magnifying medium of time, awaken a stronger curiosity—produce livelier emotions, and come home to the soul in more majestic, imposing and kindling forms, than those of recent occurrence. We, on the contrary, are of opinion, that the novelist, who, at the present day, looks for the largest share of popular favor, should, in the structure of his fiction, confine his attention to a period within the personal recollection of most of his readers, and that his detail of events should be strictly in keeping with the character of that period. We would define the great art of the novelist to consist, not in calling up the memory of events that happened so long ago that they have ceased to awaken interest, but in the happy development of striking circumstances which may be fictitious, but which yet a lively imagination may readily conceive to mark truly the peculiar character of the passing age. It is not true, that time magnifies events to the mental vision. It diminishes their real size, and takes from their just proportion, in the same manner that men, viewed from a lofty eminence, are reduced to the littleness of pygmies. But we do not wish to see things distorted. We do not care to have them graduated to too large or too small a scale. We prefer to see men as they are, and things as they are—in novels as well as in the most veracious histories.

We would not be understood to maintain, that the passions of men, love, hatred, despair, revenge, their judgment, their taste, the general characteristics of human nature, are essentially different now from what they formerly were. They do undoubtedly, remain the same in every age, and a tale of true love, skilfully told, though its origin may be dated back to the time of the primeval pair in Paradise, will provoke sympathy and challenge admiration in the breast of the sternest philosopher in the nineteenth century. Neither do we mean by these remarks to undervalue what are called *historical novels*. We conceive that they have probably done more, in a popular form, to impress a knowledge of past events upon the minds of the rising generation, than all the histories that

ever were written. What we intend to affirm is this—that the majority of novelists, in consulting the mere facilities of composition, have overlooked one principal source of power, in their almost total disregard of that great, universal, and constantly operating law of nature, according to which men always take a deeper and more lively interest in things that are near at hand than in such as are distant and remote. Accordingly, by far the most fascinating foreign novels of modern times, are those which exhibit a faithful picture of fashionable life and of popular feelings and opinions as they now exist in France and Great Britain; and it is upon the same principle, that the author of 'Guy Rivers' has been able to throw such a charm and interest over that work.

We shall not follow out the narrative, the whole story being, we presume, perfectly familiar to most of our readers. The object of the author, unlike that of most novelists, seems to have been, to develop, in the history of Rivers, his principal personage, not so much the progress of success, as the maddening effects of disappointed, love. It is this feature in the work which imparts to his plan, as far as the mere delineation of passion is concerned, the merit of considerable originality. The highwayman or leader of a gang of outlaws, is, it is true, no uncommon character. He forms one of a class that has often been employed for effect upon the stage, and in various works of fiction. The character of Rivers, however, is unique. To all the inhumanity and utter recklessness of the hired bravo, he unites the talents which, in novels, generally distinguish the leaders of lawless bands, without any portion of their generosity. The nearest approach to this graphic personification of the spirit of evil is Mrs. Radcliffe's first-rate villain 'Skedoni' in the 'Italian'—a powerfully drawn character, but a practised hypocrite. The mantle of religion, thrown over the secret villanies of the heart, gives to the minister of crime something of the reflected sanctity that appertains only to virtue. But in the case of the outlaw, 'Rivers,' there is no assumption of a character that does not belong to him—no attempt is made to conceal the workings of the most terrible passions—the veil is uplifted—the mask is thrown aside, and the features of a moral monster, more startling in their deformity than those of the famed prophet of Korassan, are distinctly revealed to our view.

In one point of view, the plot is objectionable. The hero and heroine of a novel should, we are of opinion, be the most interesting and conspicuous persons in it. But this is not the case in 'Guy Rivers.' The author has so managed the whole story, that we take a far deeper interest in the fortunes of Lucy Munro than of Edith Colleton, the actual heroine. Lucy's character, in most points of view, is a fine one, and has been generally and justly admired. By a skilful management of the author, the lovely and enchanting traits of this fair creature are made to appear still more striking by being placed in juxtaposition with the dark, fearful and opposite qualities of Rivers, to whom, in accordance with the despotic will of her hard-hearted relative, but in opposition to her own, and in defiance of the dictates of nature, she is miserably betrothed. Her misdirected and ill-fated passion for the hero of the tale, is a fault in the structure of this fiction, and in the character of this otherwise admirable being. This was not one of those 'proprieties' upon which the author

somewhere insists, 'which are called for by the circumstances of the story,' or, rather, which are demanded by good taste. If Lucy cherished this consuming and deep-rooted affection for Colleton, it was a weakness, a womanly weakness, the knowledge of which should have been religiously confined to her own breast. No other human being should have known it—none other should have had the shadow of a reason even to suspect its existence. The novelist, by exhibiting this failing in bold relief, has compromised the dignity and delicacy of the female character, and blotted and blurred an otherwise very fair portrait. He was not, we own, without precedents, and can quote chapter and verse from the highest authorities. Fenella in 'Peveril of the Peak' may have been his model, or he may have had 'Ivanhoe' in his mind's eye, and the misplaced affection of Rebecca, the Jewess, towards the engaging hero of that celebrated novel. But the sentiment excited in each of these cases, as well as in that of Bulwer's Nydia, is pity—pity for a woman's frailty—a sentiment which must of course detract from the respect and admiration with which we otherwise regard her. It may be urged in justification of Scott, that his leading aim was a high and noble one. The most distinguished writer of his age, his aim was to deal out to a persecuted race that portion of literary justice which had been denied to it by Shakspeare. But, in doing this, he boldly opposed himself to certain national prejudices, and there was a point beyond which he could not go. He could not join, in the bonds of wedlock, the Jew who denied the Saviour and the Christian who acknowledged him. But there is no such excuse for Simms. He had no national prejudices to encounter, and when he intended to awaken in the breast of Lucy so tender a regard for Colleton, he should have framed his plot with a view to this ulterior purpose. He should have made Lucy Munro and not Edith Colleton the heroine of his novel, and should have brought her and Ralph together at last—not as his guest, but with all the claims of a more endearing relation. This, we think, was what the 'proprieties of the story' emphatically required.

The character of Colleton, the hero, is southern—strictly southern. He constitutes a true model of the Carolina gentleman, than which there is none, and never has been any, more truly admirable in civilized life. He exhibits on every occasion—in every act that chequers his, in many points of view, adverse career, that keen and high sense of honor—that noble disregard of self when his own interest is to be promoted by the sacrifice of the peace of mind and happiness of another, which have ever distinguished the personal intercourse and bearing in life of the true and high-minded Carolinian. How beautifully are these fine traits developed in his first intercourse with his uncle; in his deportment towards Lucy when he makes his escape from his assassins, and also during the fearful and agitating hour of his trial! We think his character a fine one, the opinion of the American Quarterly to the contrary notwithstanding. A little too impetuous sometimes he may be, but to the fervor of ardent and quickly excited passions uniting a high degree of moral and intellectual energy;—a keen and almost intuitive sense of what is right and wrong, honorable and base, decorous and unbecoming, guiding him quickly and safely to the proper result in every action and every course of action.

In the character of the Yankee Pedler, the author had been anticipa-

ted here by the 'Memoirs of a Nullifier'—a small work in which, however objectionable in other respects, the peculiarities of the northern vendors of small wares, are hit off with admirable humor. The prejudice against 'hickory nutmegs,' 'tin cups with false bottoms,' 'damaged cambrics,' 'ground coffee made out of rotten rye,' and wooden clocks that strike just thirty-one and then stop,—is, we admit, reasonable enough; but the character has now become somewhat too vulgar for wit, and too stale to excite interest. We cannot laugh always at small jests, especially when they pall upon us by frequent repetition. Besides, the character of Jared Bunce is more than once identified with that of 'the universal Yankee nation.' This is wrong. Knaves and sharpers, it should be borne in mind, are a sufficiently vulgar commodity every where, and virtue and merit are not the isolated growth of any one peculiar and favored spot of our common country. The principal objection however to Jared is, that he is not sufficiently 'cute.' He does not come up to our idea of Yankee tact, except in one solitary instance—where he mends the axletree of the wagoner in the forest. It may be said, that he is chiefly instrumental in liberating Lucy from the cavern at Wolf's Neck, but we think the idiot, Williams, has superior claims to credit in that exploit, which, it will still be remembered, is attended by no beneficial result. The competition for the laurels certainly lies between the fool and the Yankee. Bunce does some service in getting the jailer intoxicated, so as to enable Munro to get from him the keys of the jail, but he exhibits small evidence of Yankee cunning when he drinks himself the liquor into which he had previously infused an opiate, in order to put the jailer asleep. Upon the whole, the character of the pedler detracts from the dignity of the composition. He is awkwardly and unnecessarily introduced, and his achievements contribute nothing—absolutely nothing to the progress of the story.

There are several fine scenes in this novel—exciting, graphic and powerful scenes, which would do credit to any pen, and which we may add, as a still further test of merit, would form fitting subjects for almost any pencil. The best scene is the battle of the gold-diggers, exhibiting a variety of character and a rapid succession of highly exciting events. The midnight scene of intended, but unexecuted murder, is a passage of thrilling interest and heart-stirring power. Attention is kept intensely on the stretch, and the apprehensive spirit is penetrated by the most fearful alarms. There is nothing that detracts from the masterly dramatic effect of the entire passage, but the length of the dialogue that takes place between Ralph and Lucy, at a period when a protracted conversation was inconsistent with the threatening character of events that were in progress. The interview between Rivers and Ellen, the young lady whom he treated with treachery—between Rivers and Edith, when he pledges himself to save Colleton upon the condition of her becoming his wife—between Forrester and Catharine Walton, when the former is deeply penetrated by remorse—the appeal of Lucy Munro to her uncle to interfere for the safety of Colleton—Munro's confession when he is overtaken by his pursuers—the closing scene when Ellen visits Rivers in his cell, are all of them fine and exciting parts in this spirit stirring story.

The moral tendency of the work, is a topic upon which it may be expected that something should be said. We admit that 'Rivers,' the most conspicuous character in the 'tale,' is not a model of virtue, but still he is not dangerous as an example. He possesses none of those attractive qualities, which, as in the case of the heroes of some novels, render vice seductive. On the contrary, he has not a single good or noble trait to throw a momentary gleam over the dark ground of his picture. We are repelled from all idea of companionship—we cannot feel the least emotion of sympathy for a being so utterly depraved, brutal and malignant. We see his vices unveiled only to abhor them, and in producing such deep and indelible impressions, which are all upon the side of virtue, the novelist has effected what he intended, and what public sentiment required—a decidedly good moral effect.

The style of the novel is often faulty, particularly in the first volume. The dialogue is, in many instances, unnecessarily protracted, even to tediousness, and there are several palpable imitations, in particular scenes, which detract from the reputation of a work which claims the praise of originality. Many faults both of style and matter have been, we are happy to learn, amended in the subsequent editions of the work.

'The Yemassee,' the last production of our author, is a decided improvement upon the preceding ones, and has already taken, as it deserved, a very high rank among our native fictions. It is called a 'Romance of Carolina,' the scene being placed in Beaufort District, and it embraces a period anterior to the Revolution, during our colonial subjection to the mother country, early in the eighteenth century. The object of the author is the development of Indian traits of character which have not been dwelt upon and duly appreciated by other writers in the same department of composition. He has interwoven an account of our early colonial history, and has given a graphic description of the difficulties which the English settlers had to contend with in their intercourse with the savage tribes. The superstitions of the Indians, their peculiar and barbarous modes of warfare, their domestic and social institutions, their national rites, ceremonies and customs, form interesting, curious and instructive parts of this delightful narrative. The hero, Charles Craven, with the high-sounding title of 'lord palatine of Carolina,' is an enterprising and gallant officer—a man of great moral courage, well fitted to breast the storm and tempest of the times in which he lived, and to manage the people over whom he was placed. His official rank is not disclosed till towards the conclusion of the story, a political movement of great moment to the colony, in which he was the prominent actor, rendering it necessary that his name and station should be concealed, for a time, even from his friends. He appears, therefore, throughout most of the scenes only as Gabriel Harrison—a private citizen and the friend of the Indians, whose secret machinations it is his chief aim to detect and anticipate. The influence which he exerts over all who come within his sphere, and which is truly admirable, is owing therefore solely to force of character—to the dignity of those high moral and intellectual attributes which awaken involuntary respect, and elevate man above his fellows. To the attractions and pomp of power which he is not supposed to possess, he owes nothing, but is indebted for an unbounded popularity

to the goodness of his heart and the wisdom of his conduct, in an age and under circumstances when good and great men were both rare and requisite. As Gabriel Harrison, he sues and secures the affections of the lovely Bess Matthews—as Gabriel Harrison, and not as Lord Craven, he achieves all those ‘hair-breadth’ scapes’ which the novelist has enumerated, and which rendered the name of his hero so illustrious in the present age. All this is in very good keeping with our ideas of republican virtue and simplicity.

Still there is a part of the history of Harrison which we cannot approve, and which no one can praise—his general deportment to the puritan divine, the father of his betrothed. The opposition of the old gentleman to the proposed alliance, on the ground that her lover was a stranger and his parentage unknown, should have elicited explanations, rather than produced retorts distinguished by their coarseness, and—we had almost said, their brutality. We see no good reason why his name and station should have been concealed from those who were so intimate, and in whom, under the peculiar circumstances, the most unlimited confidence might have been safely reposed. But admitting that there were reasons which afforded a justification for concealment, still nothing could warrant the use of disrespectful and ungentlemanly language towards an individual whom it was his interest to propitiate, and his duty to treat with decorum, if not for his motives and his peculiarities, at least on account of his sacred profession and his years. The author, in this part of his hero’s deportment, has committed a fault which is almost unpardonable. He has grossly violated those ‘proprieties’ which the general relationships of society, and the established laws even of good breeding emphatically required. The same displays of boorish behaviour in the pirate Chorley might not have been so startling, because they would have been not inconsistent with his habits and his education, but in Harrison, the English nobleman!—the lord palatine of Carolina!—the very soil on which he stood, which has never produced any other than a race of gentlemen—should have taught him better manners.

With the exception of this solitary trait, which is totally irreconcileable with the more prominent and striking peculiarities of the hero, our author’s conception of character throughout the work is fine and varied. No exception can be taken to the heroine, who possesses more than an ordinary share of female loveliness, and who is both the charm and solace of the society in which she moves. She is a fine conception—quite equal, in our idea, to Lucy Munro, though there are some, we are aware, who think otherwise. The wife of the elder Grayson is a choice specimen of a noble-minded woman, acting fearlessly and greatly in the midst of trying circumstances. Sanutee, the chief of the Yemasseees, Matiwan and Occonestoga are strongly drawn characters—vivid, speaking pictures, glowing with life and a peculiar interest.

Our author has travelled over new ground in his account of the Indian *outcast*, and given us glimpses of peculiar customs which have never before been disclosed. We shall not vouch for the truth of a resemblance, of which, we frankly confess, we are not competent to judge. Very scanty records of Indian customs and habits have come down to us, and

the true history of the aboriginal settlers is, we believe, but little understood. The Indian character, therefore, affords a fine opportunity for the display of inventive powers, the historical outline remaining to be filled up with peculiar features, such as the genius of the novelist may suggest as most striking, or as may best answer his own purposes for the time being. Among the few facts, however, touching the Indian character which we had supposed settled, were their taciturn habits and fondness for moody and solitary contemplation. Simms contradicts this generally received opinion, and affirms, on the contrary, that the Indians are of a remarkably social disposition and even loquacious. He is borne out, too, in this position by Washington Irving in a contemporaneous work. The Indians are often intellectually gifted, and their silence has generally been supposed to have arisen *ex necessitate rei*—from the stinted character of their vocabulary—being the result rather of poverty of language than poverty of thought. They are, it is true, distinguished for their ‘talks,’ but these specimens of their oratorical ability are always reserved for great occasions. At home, it is said and believed, that they are generally mute as mice. We are glad to hear, from such good authority, that they are pleasant and chatty companions.

Why does the author call this work a *romance*? We think that name strictly applicable to no fictions which exclude machinery. Had the author introduced superhuman agents, the work would have been a *romance*, but, at present, we see none but human beings moving upon the stage. The Indians, though savage and uncivilized, are still beings of ‘flesh and blood.’ The author, no where that we perceive, awakens extraordinary interest by a resort to the marvellous. He keeps himself strictly within the limits of the probable: and never indulges in those extravaganzas which are the peculiar province of the romance. The work is, in fact, an historical novel, and might, we think, with more propriety, have been so designated.

The style of the ‘Yemassee’ is almost faultless. In ‘Guy Rivers’ we meet occasionally with new words of which, it strikes us, the author alone must claim the merit of invention, and with obsolete words used in novel connexions. The poetic license is exercised, in that work, to a liberal and inexcusable extent. In the ‘Yemassee,’ the author has exerted his creative power in a manner less exceptionable, and has obviously sought his models of style among our purest and most perfect English prose writers. We are not disgusted, as in the previous work, with the frequent use of such words as ‘auxiliars,’ ‘lessoners,’ or such phrases as the ‘grace of the gravies,’ the ‘currency of currants,’ ‘current run,’ ‘dainty delectabilities,’ the ‘almost savage association of ponderosities and delicacies’—rather unique ‘associations,’ it must be admitted, of the fundamental parts of speech, and wholly inadmissible in fine writing.

Upon the whole, we thank Mr. Simms for his novels—the first works of the kind, emanating from this quarter, which have successfully attempted to illustrate southern opinions, feelings and habits. We think—we are sure, that he has done something for himself, for the South, and for our whole country, which deserves a favorable consideration. A self-educated man—without friends—without patronage; relying solely on the force of a vigorous and creative intellect, he has already attained

to a well earned celebrity in a peculiar and difficult department of the profession of an author, in which failure is more common than success. The faults of some of his first productions were glaring enough, but we are happy to find, that he has not that obstinacy of temper which is insensible to friendly criticism, however indifferent he may be to that which is manifestly unjust. He is an improvable writer—he has improved, and he is improving every day. A few more such productions as 'The Yemassee' will place him beyond censure, and give him a merited rank among the first novelists of the age. We hear, with pleasure, that he is preparing and has nearly ready for publication another novel, the scene of which is placed in our own neighborhood, and which embraces an interesting period and striking events in the revolutionary era of our country. We hope and trust that it will add new laurels to those, already fresh, which now encircle his brow.

## FADED FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'BIOGRAPHY OF THE ABORIGINES OF AMERICA.'

BEAUTIFUL cluster! Passing fair,  
Ye lived in the joy of the vernal air,  
Swinging, like circles of merry fays,  
In morning sheen and noon tide rays,  
With an awning o'er you of such bright leaves  
As the thrush for her first-born nestlings weaves,  
And with eddies of perfume breathing round  
From green-wood grove and from blossomy ground:  
O crimson clusters! passing fair,  
Ye lived in the light of the vernal air.

Alas for beauty!—ye are riven now  
From the shelter and shade of the dancing bough,  
Ah never again will ye gather bright dyes  
Priceless and rare from the sunny skies;  
Ye shall nod no more to the morning gale,  
Though it seek you for aye, o'er meadow and vale;  
Nor ever may twilight breezes bring  
From the wood, or the wave, in summer, or spring,—  
Nor the fire-fly's torch, nor the silvery dew,—  
Motion, or music, or verdure, to you.

So Friendship fadeth. So Love's clear eye  
Grows dim, as a star in a stormy sky,  
When the trial-clouds of sorrow and strife,  
With the shade of their darkness, sweep over life.  
On the greenest branch of youth's gay bower,  
Red clusters of fond hopes cling but an hour  
Beautiful frailness! would that to be  
Were to be forever, for things like thee!  
O could we but learn in the victim-bloom  
Of the loved and lovely the victim's doom!

## THE AGE OF EDUCATION.

OURS has been called the Age of Print—the Age of Improvement—the Age of Associations—the Age of the March of Mind—the Mechanical Age; and various other titles have been given to it, severally intended to signify, what have seemed to the authors and users of these titles, the prominent principles of the period in which it is their and our fortune to live; the coarse characteristics of the great picture which is hung up on the walls of the world around us. There is a portion of truth implied in each of these names; but they fail to describe adequately the ‘form and pressure’ of the times, by each having regard, for the most part, only to a single section, rather than to the whole circle of its movements. May it not be called, with a more comprehensive correctness, the *Age of Education?* For to what, for example, does this prodigious multiplication of books, already alluded to as the occasion of one of these titles (including papers and pamphlets of every sort and size) tend, but to the diffusion of knowledge? (whether useful, or useless, need not here be inquired.) And what is the diffusion of knowledge but one of the main materials of the education, more or less, of the people? The same is true of the advancement of the other arts which are concerned, as the art of printing is, if not in so great a degree, in furnishing *any* of the means and materials of this knowledge; the arts of engraving and painting for example; and those connected with the machinery and instruments used either in other arts, or in the abstract application of science. And the same is true of many of these sciences again. The improvement of instruments has enabled the astronomer to know more of other worlds and of our own world, than he knew a century ago; and this added information, by the improvement made in the facilities of its circulation, has been more extensively disseminated among the people, and better adapted to their capacities and their necessities, than a century since it would have been. The same is true of Natural History. The same of every science indeed; for each science is but a collection of what we call the laws of Nature upon a certain subject, so far as discovered by man; and whatever promotes the means of discovery, or the means of diffusing, so far promotes, of course, the progress of the science itself, and the progress of its practical application to every useful purpose.

Thus we come back again, in a word, to the old maxim of the Roman philosopher, that all the arts and sciences have a common connexion. A benefit done to the least of them is done to the whole. They are concerned together in the ascertainment and in the application of useful knowledge. They are a copartnership for the education of man.—The world we live in is our institution. Our country is our gymnasium. Our play-ground is among the wonders and beauties of the earth we tread on. Our books are in the phenomena of Nature. Our experiments are with the elements and with men and ourselves, and our instruments of all-work are the faculties of the body and the mind—the best case of tools which has yet been devised. And the light—the light by which the whole of this labor is done, and this pleasure sweetened—the light by which these picture galleries that hang about us are to be

seen—the light which fills the rooms and scenes of this magnificent edifice from side to side—the light that is poured in and shed down upon the tables where all this ‘co-partnership’ and all their apprentices are at work—the light by which we discover the curious sources of the harmony and order that make its confusion industry, and its clamor a bee-hive-hum—is it not the light of a spiritual and eternal life? the light of immortality? And as if it were not enough that God has poured it in floods upon us through the windowy inlets of his revelation—nor enough that he kindled the same flame in the soul of man, when he breathed into him the breath of life—(an aspiration which will still show itself through all his grossness, like the glow-worm’s fire, only the more plainly for the ignorance that surrounds it)—behold how it burns in every thing that man can discern, so visibly that the heathen poet could not but cry, that “all things are full of soul!” It is the inward fire that renders universal matter, in every form, transparent and radiant to the eye of the soul. It glitters through sunny day and through starry night. It makes the earth, and the deep, and the skies, the leaves of an illuminated volume.

This mortal life, then, is a stage of education; and man is a creature of education—I mean, a being born to be educated—endowed with powers of various descriptions, which are susceptible of immense development, and capable of extraordinary attainment. The powers of remembrance and of anticipation, ‘looking before and after’—of imagination to compass, as with magic wings, the world of the spirit—of observation, to explore the world of the senses—of reflection, to ponder upon the stores which those caterers, the senses, have collected—of affections and aspirations which find the same legitimate gratification in the excellent, which taste finds in the beautiful, and intellect in the true, of the universe—of powers of action to apply, and of speech to communicate—of a presiding reason, in fine, which is, or should be, the regulator of the whole of this wonderous machinery of the mind. Such are the qualities in man upon which education should operate; and it is the increased efforts which are now being made to promote this process, in its various departments, that entitle ours to be described as the *Age of Education*. Do you ask for the evidence of these increased efforts? Look at the improvements made in the sciences and arts which minister directly to the instruction of the intellect—to the vast augmentation of written and printed knowledge, and the means of diffusing it through the entire extent of society. See how science, still unsatisfied, is stretching her pinions to mount again ‘like the young eagle.’ See the exploring expeditions, sent out as it were into every region of space—spiritual and physical alike—to explore a northwestern passage, it may be, or to investigate the nature of the soul’s connexion with the body; to traverse the centre of the African continent, or the undiscovered deserts of metaphysics; to disinter the ruins of Italian cities, and bring them forth again from their long sleep to the ‘cheerful precincts of the day,’ or to lay bare to the light of a new philosophy the buried brain of man. The past and the future are, to these restless pilgrims, but as the land and the sea. All the springs of study and discovery they have put in motion. They are indefatigable in labor and inexhaustible in resources. No achievement suffices to

satisfy their ambition; no failure, nor fatigue, can deter them from fresh endeavors.

See, too, the movements of benevolence for the relief of wretchedness, and the instruction of ignorance, and the reformation of vice among men; the exertions to extend christianity in the pagan world, and civilization in the savage; the innumerable institutions, under whatever names, for the benefit of those classes of society to whom peculiar disease, or distress, or depravity, has rendered unattainable or unavailable the ordinary means of education, which the rest of that society possess. And what are these institutions but extraordinary means, intended for the same end, though adapted to the circumstances which attend the application? Thus the science and the benevolence of our times, not content with the erection of those common fountains by the way-side—our schools, colleges and other institutions—where every man and every child that passes may slake his thirst—have extended the flow of the same blessings, by countless conduits, to every mind, as water is carried, in the cities, to every house. So that now-a-days if a man cannot come to knowledge, knowledge shall *come to him*. If he will not learn, he shall be taught. If he is deaf and dumb and blind, there is a place for him. If he is intemperate, we shall educate him to soberness in the house of correction; if an orphan, at the orphan's asylum; if a criminal, at the quarry or the tread-mill; if diseased, at the hospital, till he becomes like other men. All these are places and processes of education, for the benefit of those who cannot or will not be profited by the usual means. All the benevolence of our age spends itself in the education of men.

Look at the other associations of the day, and see how many of them are designed, even directly, for the same end—for the extension of these ordinary means of ordinary education, just mentioned, more efficiently among those classes whose use of them is impeded by none of these peculiar obstacles. I do not refer now to the sixty thousand common schools in the United States; nor to the armies of common school teachers, who are indeed ‘abroad,’ with a vengeance; nor to the seventy colleges with their six thousand students; nor to the medical and legal and theological seminaries. These are, for the most part, so interwoven with the frame-work of society by custom and usage, that the existence and influence of them are far less noticed, than the want of them would be. These, too, and many others, are, to a great extent, provided and protected by legislation. But how have private energy and philanthropy added to these! Look at the private schools, so called—the high schools—evening schools and day schools and sunday schools—academies, institutes, colleges, for males and for females—schools for the study of a single science, or the practice of a single art, such as agriculture, the military, music, drawing, painting—schools even for swimming, schools for dancing, schools for fencing, and for other branches of physical education—farm-schools and manual-labor schools. And the list is still incomplete. I have forgotten that the infant school is the first of the series; and the child is lucky in our day—generally speaking, I mean, if he be not seized upon as the patient of those who minister in these ‘neighborhood nurseries,’ ere he has grown warm in his mother’s arms, and far less has been disciplined under that domestic process

which should be the best as well as the first of all the stages of education. I have omitted the lyceums, the athenæums, the associations for the diffusion of useful knowledge (and of useless trash)—the public and private and circulating library associations—the academies of arts and sciences—the seminaries (most needed of all) for the instruction of teachers—and a multitude of other institutions intended and adapted to do good in their way, as well as a number more of the class calculated more particularly to make prodigies of babies and monkeys of men. Who shall deny that ours is the *Age of Education?*

*Boston, (Mass.)*

### SONG OF THE ARCHANGELS.

FROM THE FAUST OF GOETHE.

RAPHAEL.

AND still the sun as ever  
Chimes with his brother spheres,  
His order'd path pursuing,  
With the thunder's solemn roll—  
Though him we may not fathom,  
He yet gives strength to us—  
Glorious, oh! mighty father,  
Thy works, as at the first!

GABRIEL.

And with a mighty fleetness,  
The pomp of earth revolves;  
The glorious blaze of heaven,  
Now chang'd for fearful night;  
The broad waves of the ocean  
Foam up against the rocks,  
While whirling on, both rock and sea  
Chime with the ever rolling spheres.

MICHAEL.

And roaring as in rivalry,  
From sea to land, from land to sea,  
The storms erect around a chain  
Of deepest elemental rage,  
And flashing desolation there  
Glares in the thunder's rushing path—  
But, Lord! thy messengers revere  
The milder goings of thy day.

THE THREE.

Though thee we may not fathom,  
Thy look gives strength to us—  
Glorious, oh! mighty father,  
Thy works, as at the first!

S.

## THE EXOTIC.

THIS morning as Mary stray'd musingly round  
The garden's gay path, a *sweet-brier* she found,  
Whose beauty attracted her eye;  
Its bloom was delightful, its perfume was sweet,  
And it seem'd in its lovely, secluded retreat,  
From the gaze of intruders to fly.

In sadness she touch'd a young leaf on its breast,  
Which the morning in glory had fondly carest,  
And the sunbeam and breeze lov'd to cheer;—  
She started—a grief-drop escap'd from her eye,  
For worlds her touch'd heart could not smother its sigh,  
For she saw on its bosom—a tear.

“And hast thou, gentle flower,” she tenderly said,  
“From thy own native land been by fortune betray'd,  
And dost thou still look blooming and fair,  
Though the tear thus conceal'd on thy beautiful breast,  
Proves a chastening sorrow in secret confest,  
And thy bosom the victim of care?

“Oh, from thee let me learn to conceal every woe  
Which, an exile like thee, to my bosom may flow,  
And brighten it o'er with a smile;  
Then the soft breeze of friendship will dry up *my* tear,  
And the sunshine of love linger cheerily near,  
And the heart of the stranger beguile.”

*Charleston, S. C.*

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## INVOCATION.

Come to my heavy soul, oh sleep,—  
Nor longer thus withhold thy spell,  
One long repose, one thoughtless deep,  
And then my heart shall slumber well.

I shall not hear the careless word,  
The cold retort, the cutting sneer,  
The scorn sent back for love preferr'd,  
The dread reproach from what is dear.

And on my grave in future hours,  
Relenting, it perchance, may be,  
That she shall strew some mourning flow'rs,  
And, known too late, shall sigh for me.

## FROM OUR ARM-CHAIR.

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EDITOR'S INTRODUCTORY.—Well! we are, at length, fairly seated, and, in the first place, owe an apology to our good friends and patrons for not having appeared before. We regret that we have no other than a very stale one to offer, and one which has been nearly 'used up' at barbecues and political dinners, viz. 'that circumstances entirely beyond our control' have hitherto deprived us of the eagerly anticipated pleasure of paying our personal respects to you. We now make our bow to the public, and would more particularly express our warmest thanks to you, sir—and to you, madam—and to you, miss—and to you—and to you—and to you—for the very kind efforts which you have, up to this day, exerted in our humble behalf. To one and all of you we would say, that if you remember us, and are glad to see us, the recognition and the pleasure are reciprocal. We greet you with most heartfelt gratitude and the kindest wishes. We hope, in a short time, to be better acquainted with you all, than we even now are. By frequent interviews seasoned with good humor, and evincing a desire to please, we trust that this object may be fully accomplished, and that, at last, a mutual friendship and esteem, and a thoroughly good understanding may be established between us.

And now to proceed, without further remark, to the business before us. Our first task, in regular order, is a description of our *sella curulis*—the chair itself that we occupy. This, like most articles of the kind constructed either 'for ornament or use,' is made of wood, and does not differ very materially either in form, dimensions, or general appearance, from the large arm-chairs that are to be seen in the libraries and studies of most of the literary loungers of the present century. To those, however, who have never ventured to penetrate the *sanctum sanctorum* of one of our modern literati, we very cheerfully furnish a more particular description of it. We will, in this description, pursue the ingenious course of some divines, who first tell us what happiness is not, and then what it is. In like manner, we will begin by informing inquirers what our arm-chair is not, and afterwards what it is. Well, then, it is not a rocking-chair, but is planted firmly on the floor upon its four legs, as if to indicate that the position of an editor should be a steady one—that he should not be always bobbing up and down like a man rocking himself to sleep after a hearty dinner. Neither is it a trundle-chair, which may be made to change places at the pleasure of every whimsical and capricious person who may wish to see it put in motion. Neither is it a high-backed, well-stuffed, old-fashioned easy-chair, fit only for an invalid who has a headache. Neither is it a riding-chair to go abroad in, it being, on the contrary, always housed in the most retired apartment of our domicil. Neither is it a professor's chair from which he reads lectures, nor a governor's chair of state in which he appears on great occasions—nor a chairman's chair in which he presides at literary, political, commercial, or agricultural meetings; but simply an editor's arm-chair, constructed after the most approved fashion. To its nether part is affixed a drawer divided into two apartments, in one of which is deposited pure white paper, and in the

other the accepted communications of our correspondents. To the right arm is attached a small table, neatly covered with blue broadcloth, resembling, in form, as nearly as possible, an ellipse, and which, if the points in its circumference were all equally distant from its centre might very well be supposed to represent the circle of the arts and sciences. Upon this table may be seen the last new work that has been issued from the press; and this reminds us that in our opening salutation, we omitted (unintentionally we assure the fraternity) those expressions of courtesy which are certainly due to authors and their publishers. Gentlemen of the quill and of the press! we greet you all with much cordiality, and here tender to you publicly the right hand of fellowship. May we travel on pleasantly and advantageously together, without any quarrels by the way: and this we have no doubt will be the case, if we respectively discharge the duties which we owe to ourselves, to each other and to the public. But to go on with our description. Directly *under the table* aforesaid is placed a box, into which are cast such communications as not having been dedicated to Vulcan, are reserved for further consideration. To the table itself is also attached a small slide which, when exposed to view, exhibits our instruments of all-work, but 1st in order,

'Nature's noblest gift, my gray goose quill:'

2d, a penknife, employed occasionally in giving to 'Nature's noblest gift' an artificial point: 3d, in a glass stand, a small proportion of ink—a liquid made use of both in kindling and extinguishing flames: 4th, an ever-pointed pencil, devoted to the not inglorious task of marking out choice passages for the printer: 5th, a piece of caoutchouc—a substance now of use in all the arts, particularly that of the writer: 6th, a profusion of an article which, as it is of the *last* importance, we shall not disclose its nature to those who cannot keep a secret, but leave it to the prudent to discover what it is in the solution of the following enigma:

Can you tell me what is that  
That's blue, red, white and black as jet,  
Purple, yellow, and indeed  
Of all the colors that we read?  
We often in our lips receive it,  
Between our fingers too we have it,  
And oft between two sheets of paper  
Is seen this variegated creature;  
And when for secresy we use it,  
To make it useful we abuse it,  
And by abuse it serves us best,  
Which seems more strange than all the rest.

So much for our chair of office and its appurtenances, and now a few words may not be inappropriate respecting the Southern Literary Journal; and, first, to begin with the beginning, that is to say with the cover, and more particularly with the vignette upon our title-page. To those who have never visited a Southern plantation, we would remark, that the towering plant on the right is the Cotton plant, of which a field of several hundred acres in full bloom is a prospect for a poet to enjoy. The plant on the left is the Rice, which also in harvest-time, upon our extensive river-swamps, awakens lively ideas of health, wealth and hospitable pleasures. The sun, partly obscured by a cloud, is, at some eleva-

tion in the heavens, shedding down its rays upon an eastern view of our city, among the edifices of which may be readily distinguished that object of pride, the St. Michael's Church, with its lofty and inimitably beautiful steeple. The motto underneath indicates one of the most pleasing phenomena of Nature, POST NUBILA PHÆBUS, *Apollo shines through the mist, or after the clouds the sun*, deriving its point from its applicability to our past literary, political, agricultural and commercial condition. There is a view also of our harbor and its shipping, and a vessel appears coming into port freighted with the riches of some other clime, with a view to exchange them for the treasures of our own.

We congratulate our readers upon the flattering prospects of the 'Journal.'— We believe no work of the kind was ever commenced in our country with a more numerous list of patrons, or ever elicited more friendly feelings from all classes in the community, without distinction of name or party. The want of a work of the kind—more popular in its character than a heavy quarterly journal, and more frequently published, has long been felt at the South, and the South, we are happy to say, is disposed to aid it with its best energies. The subscription list is a liberal and sound one, made up of the very best names in the country—of men who may be depended upon; and it is daily increasing. We cannot, therefore, bring ourselves, even for a moment, to anticipate the failure of an enterprise which has been generally approved by those organs of the popular voice—the public presses, and which has received the still more efficient and gratifying encouragement of the general support.

The 'Journal' is intended to be of a miscellaneous character, and will embrace articles on every variety of topic in the departments of science, literature and the arts. The great aim of it will be, to rouse a spirit of inquiry and improvement among our citizens—to diffuse information and intelligence on interesting and important subjects among all classes of readers—to afford to genius and industry an opportunity to exhibit favourably their speculations and the results of their labors—to stimulate literary ambition, and elevate the standard of taste and feeling. As to the spirit and ability of its execution, and the variety of interesting and entertaining matter which it will furnish, it will soon speak for itself. No exertions have been, or will be spared, to procure a regular supply of choice articles from the ablest writers throughout the country. We lately made a tour through our own State, and the neighboring States, with a view of securing the co-operation of literary gentlemen, and obtained satisfactory assurances, which, if they are fulfilled, will not fail to render the Journal acceptable to the lovers of fine writing, and give it such a rank, as a Southern work of the kind ought to occupy, among American periodicals. Without more particularly indicating individuals, (who will soon become sufficiently known) it may be enough to state, that we have pledges of assistance from the members of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, under the kind auspices of which, the Magazine makes its appearance—from the gentlemen composing the Faculty of at least five of our Southern Colleges—from erudite members of the medical profession—from distinguished statesmen, eminent lawyers, and learned clergymen throughout the South—from professed authors, and highly valued poets. We have promises from some of the best writers, in other sections of the Union, which are greatly appreciated. Arrangements will also be made with a gentleman who expects soon to visit Europe, with a view

to procuring occasional communications from gifted minds on the other side of the Atlantic.

The Journal, projected at the South, and chiefly supported by the citizens of the South, will, at all times, breathe a Southern spirit, and sustain a strictly Southern character. Our object—the object of every Southern writer, should be, to give to the literature of the South a distinctive character, by which it may be favorably known, both at home and abroad—to maintain for it that high reputation which it was admitted to possess, not only by enlightened Europeans, but also by impartial Americans, during the prosperous and palmy days of the Southern Review. Writers should, as far as practicable, select topics of a local character, bearing directly upon the customs, opinions, peculiarities, and general tone of thinking, which prevail in this section of our country. Descriptions of Southern scenery—sketches of Southern history—biographical notices of distinguished citizens of the South—Southern improvements in education, science and the arts—fictitious narrative and poetry, deriving their chief interest from local associations, and peculiar and prevalent habits—will, at all times be acceptable. Not that we expect to create distinctions which will render the literature of the South essentially different in its features from that of Great Britain, or other sections of our own country. This can never be the case, while we all read the same books—go up to the same fountain-heads for information, and form our style and opinions upon the same models and after the same masters. But in a country so extensive as ours—although its different and distant parts may be bound together by the ties of one and the same great confederacy—yet diverse laws and customs—different pursuits and variety of opinions resulting from those pursuits—inequalities of climate, producing corresponding developments of genius and character—will and do, each in their turn—affect the intellectual character of a people, and give a peculiar tone to its literature. To this extent, and to this extent only, will the literature of the South partake of striking and original features: and to cultivate this original literature, and to foster, improve and elevate it to the utmost possible degree, should be the great and paramount aim of all Southern writers.

We are eminently a political people—our education is political, and circumstances have contributed to foster a political spirit among us more than in other sections of our country. Our little children are politicians—active partizans, and our youths of fifteen and sixteen, are constitutional lawyers, thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of political jurisprudence, and able to maintain their peculiar views with spirit and ability. The public mind has been excited among us, for years past, on political subjects—important questions touching the social organization of communities, and the very foundations of civil government, have been warmly and ably discussed, and it has been gravely asserted, that no journal of a professedly literary character, will be likely to succeed at the South, even now, that does not indulge largely in political speculation. We think otherwise. During the prevalence of those out-breaks to which all, even the best constructed popular governments are occasionally liable, the agitation of great and all-absorbing questions stimulates the energies of the mind, and gives to thought a degree of intensity and activity, which may be confined, for the time being, to one and only one important topic, but which, in the end, when the political elements are hushed into repose, will be found to have given to all the faculties, an impulse highly favorable

to their advancement, and to have produced habits of prompt, patient, persevering and zealous research, which are indispensable to the success of literary effort. The urgency of the occasion—the necessity that has existed for the exercise of extraordinary wisdom, sagacity and forethought, has elicited the talent and energy of our master spirits—has drawn our great minds from the retirement where they have so long sought concealment, and has proved a fact, whose existence is necessary to our assuming a high literary position, viz: that the South is not destitute of genius, or learning, or firmness, or enterprize, but, on the contrary, abounds in minds of the highest and choicest order, and is rich in all the materials requisite to constitute not only a powerful, but an eminently refined and intellectual people. Our distinguished statesmen have proved themselves to be not mere politicians—not mere speech-makers and popular declaimers, but men of profound and extensive views, thorough scholars, borrowing their illustrations from the most apposite cases in all ancient and modern history, and enforcing their arguments by analogies furnished from the recondite fields of science, arts and philosophy. The same is true of the learned men of the other professions who have been necessarily more or less busied or interested about public affairs. Every individual, who thinks at all, has been compelled by circumstances to exert his powers—to think more, and to think more profoundly than he was wont to do. The effects of this increased mental activity—of this thorough inquiry into the nature and bearing of great first principles has been felt deeply, and beneficially in all the relations of life, and the numerous ramifications of society. Our planters—our merchants—our lawyers—and if a decided improvement in pulpit eloquence in the metropolis of the South, be regarded as proof—our clergymen—have felt the salutary influence of a powerful impulse—of which they have not perhaps traced the cause. The tide of emigration is flowing back to the source whence it issued, and our people, tired of experiment, are becoming better satisfied with their old homes, and with the various enjoyments and blessings of civilized life. Notwithstanding the acknowledged insalubrity of our climate upon the sea-board, the South still affords sufficient attractions to foreigners, and industrious and intelligent settlers from the older countries, find among us, what they often cannot find in Europe—a home, a welcome and an occupation. The introduction of rail roads among us, connecting city with city, and town with country—the establishment of lines of first rate steam-boats, running between our great commercial emporiums, almost annihilating time and space, and uniting distant States together, by the ties of friendly intercourse—the inroads which the land is making upon the sea in the shape of the new and valuable wharves of our cities, evincing a high degree of commercial prosperity—the embellishments which taste, opulence, and public spirit have added to our cities themselves, in the remodeling of old, and the erection of new, beautiful and costly edifices—the institution of banks with immense capitals, intended for the benefit of all classes of citizens—these are a few among the many fruits of this recent and joyous spirit of enterprise. We have, in fact, derived all the benefits, and none of the evils, usually resulting from the occurrence of a great popular convulsion. Having shaken off its former apathy, which paralyzed its best energies, the South seems to regard the present juncture as the spring-time of action—the favorable period when its strength may be nobly put forth in every direction. Literature, though last mentioned, is not among the last of the peaceful elements entering into the structure of the social fabric, which has received an impetus, shape and char-

acter from the pressure of the times. The present flourishing condition of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina—the formation of an Association for the advancement of learning in a sister city, embracing similar objects, and composed of our most distinguished citizens of all sects and parties, who have lost sight of minor differences of opinion and sentiment in the generous pursuit of a common and a glorious object—the attempt to restore to its former celebrity, efficiency and usefulness, the *alma mater* where so many of our illustrious men received their collegiate instruction—the prosperous condition of the other colleges and universities of the South—what are these but so many indications of the revival of a literary spirit among us, whose beneficial action will be every day more and more realized and extended, until the literature of the South, becomes all that it should be?—all that its most zealous, able and solicitous friends wish it to be?

In promoting a result so auspicious, we mean to exert our best efforts; but to secure its full accomplishment, we must be aided—promptly, zealously, and continually aided by the cheering words, and still better deeds of our fine writers, our accomplished scholars—of all those, in fact, who are deeply interested in the advancement of the excellent cause that we have espoused. Let such, then, afford us their ready countenance and assistance. We implore them to do so, and our intreaty is not the studied language of ceremony, but is the spontaneous utterance of a sincere and earnest desire, and proceeds from the self-evident importance and urgency of the case. Let them come forward promptly. Let the welcome promise be only the sure precursor of the steady and able performance. Come and bring your beautiful offerings to the consecrated ground and costly altar dedicated to the Muses. Lay aside your political jealousies, if you have any. On *common ground* exercise the kindlier and more generous affections, and let not so hallowed a spot ever be desecrated by the baleful [and] withering influence of party spirit? Here, rather, let the olive-branch wave in all its freshness, and cheer the eye and the soul with its everlasting verdure. Come, ladies! come and bring with you the pleasing witchery of your smiles, and the still more potent spells by which your pens, with such magic ease and influence, conjure up the spirits of beauty and sublimity. We are already indebted to some of you, deeply, and more than we can easily repay, but possessed of the mad passion of some gamblers, we are still, strange to say—anxious to increase the debt, and cannot omit the present opportunity of calling you into common council, as among the most efficient supporters of literary enterprizes. Come one and all of those of you, who are no longer willing that the fair field of the South should be known only as a political debating ground, but who desire, and will strive, to render the birth-place of the Pinckneys, the Rutledges, the Laurenses, the Elliots, the Moultries, and the Middletons, worthy, in an intellectual point of view, of their memory—worthy of the fame of the nineteenth century. Come! and if the past serves sometimes to disgust us, let us console ourselves with the bright visions of the present, and, with souls elate with hope—stretch every nerve, spread every sail, and catch every breeze that can waft us to the future!

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REPORTS OF THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHARLESTON LIBRARY SOCIETY.—  
Among the amusing and interesting statistics contained in this valuable pamphlet, which is from the chaste and classic pen of Benjamin Elliott, Esq.—a gentleman,

ready for every good undertaking, and indefatigable in every thing he undertakes, we find the following information which, we think, cannot fail to be highly acceptable to bachelors—more especially to those who may wish to be connected, by the silken bonds of matrimony with those who will render them better and happier men, and more useful members of the commonwealth:

"There are at present, ladies of marriageable age in Charleston:

	Between 15 & 20 years.	20 & 30	30 & 40	40 & 50.
Ward No. 1,	142	244	190	94
Ward No. 2,	173	259	144	107
Ward No. 3,	210	481	281	131
Ward No. 4.	285	445	409	183
Charleston Neck,	161	249	196	136
Total,	971	1578	1120	651

#### *Recapitulation.*

<i>Ages.</i>	<i>Number.</i>
Between fifteen and twenty,	971
" Twenty and thirty,	1578
" Thirty and forty,	1120
" Forty and fifty,	651
Grand Aggregate,	4320

"According to the moderate proportion of crowded European cities there should be in Charleston, annually, at least, one hundred and twenty marriages.

"In Paris there are annually 222 marriages between widows and widowers. In England, of every eleven widows, seven marry, and but four continue disconsolate. In truth, the duty of widows to avoid isolation is enjoined by the great apostle: 'Let no one be taken into the number of true widows under three-score years old, but the younger widows refuse. I will that the younger women marry and guide the house.'

"In South-Carolina matrimony has never been in disuse. One ardent soldier of '76 married five times; a distinguished civil officer of that period, also five times, and two of the ladies were widows. In 1808, in one district of our upper country, containing *seventeen thousand* white inhabitants, there was not one female who had reached twenty-five years, that was not either a wife or a widow."

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EULOGIUM ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THOMAS S. GRIMKE: delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina. By JAMES H. SMITH, a Member.

THIS is a worthy tribute to the memory of one of the most deserving of his race. Few individuals have ever appeared among us who have challenged more universally the approbation of their fellow-citizens by the rectitude of their motives, the elevation of their aims, or the spotless character of their example, than the late Mr. Grimké. Few scholars ever attained, within the limits of middle age, such an accumulation of varied knowledge, applicable to practical and useful ends. Long will he be remembered in South-Carolina, as a patriot 'without fear and without reproach;' as a jurist, whose profound legal attainments were seldom equalled—as a man, the influence of whose many virtues was less the subject of universal admiration, than of general gratitude—as a christian, active but unpretending, and looking to the rewards of futurity not so much as a motive to conduct, as the natural result of a course of life adopted not only from principle, but choice. The name of Mr. Grimké is pleasingly connected with the history of South-Caro-

lina, and of the American Union. In every relation of life and society, and especially in every enterprize of benevolence, his influence was beneficially and deeply felt. As an individual pre-eminently devoted to the interests of letters in his native State, where shall we find his equal, and who shall supply his place? Look at the history of several of the most effective literary institutions of our State, and ask who was their founder—or who, if not their founder, was, in their prosperity and adversity, through good and through ill report, their most zealous and able supporter? To whom, some years since, was the revival of the Literary and Philosophical Society chiefly owing? To Mr. Grimké. Who had the honor of suggesting, and giving the first impulse to, the Southern Review? The late Stephen Elliott, Esq., but in connexion with Mr. Grimké. Who placed upon its present foundation the respectable Mechanics' Institute of our city? Mr. Grimké. Who, like a tender parent, watched over in its infancy, guarded with anxious solicitude during its childhood, and brought to its present healthy state of maturity, the Charleston College? Mr. Grimké. Who was the founder of the Forensic Club—an association of the most useful character, whose influence is now universally recognized and acknowledged—the nursery of our first-rate lawyers and most popular pleaders, and which has contributed more than any other single cause to the present high character of the Charleston Bar? To Mr. Grimké must the praise be awarded. Who, like another Howard, gave the first impulse to the grand Temperance movements of the South? Again, Mr. Grimké. With what good association, in fact, that ever sprang up among us, was not his name, some way or other, favorably and eminently connected? With none. Mr. Grimké, in fact was the *Lorenzo De Medici* of the South, having, it may be truly said, like that illustrious Florentine, contributed more than any other individual, living or dead, to the advancement of the literary interests of his native city and State. What is the example of such a citizen not worth? It is beyond all price.

Mr. Smith, in his Eulogy, has presented, with admirable distinctness and vividness of coloring, the leading features in the character of this great and good man. The portrait cannot fail to be recognized and admired by all those who were, in any good degree, acquainted with the now sainted original. We give the following as a specimen:

"Though Mr. Grimké's intellectual endowments were unquestionably of a superior order, yet it cannot be doubted his more distinguished traits were moral. In some points of character he excelled every other person we have known. His inflexible adherence to what he thought the line of his duty—his disinterested devotion to the cause of philanthropy and benevolence—the wonderful mildness of his deportment, and the most unqualified and uncomplaining submission to every allotment of Providence—and so perfect was this last, that could one have attended at his bed of death, and recalled to him the consequences of his disease—the frustration of all his earthly plans—the grief of his aged parent—the desolation of his widow—the abandonment of a large family of small children, when his presence was most needed—his reply would have been of uncomplaining submission and undoubting trust.

"His gentleness of deportment was so great, that it was scarcely possible to irritate him. Those who have seen him in hours of sickness and suffering, can testify to the amazing equanimity with which he held intercourse with all around him—his temper not even ruffled, where almost all men display at least impatience. His benevolence was, as we have seen, the great business of his life; and from the strict line of what he thought right, he never was known to fail. Such was the man! Frail in body—tender and sympathising with every thing that suffered or rejoiced—but strong and inflexible in faith—fearless and decisive in the performance of his

duties: Where they taught him to submit nothing could force a murmur—where they called on him to act, nothing could intimidate or divert him. These were the great qualities which elevated and refined his thought, ennobled and purified his understanding. The low and narrow motives of the general mass of men pleased not his taste, because he more clearly saw and intensely felt, the real poverty of little objects of pursuit, and the vast attractions of his duties.'

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AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE NORTHERN AND EASTERN STATES, ON THE SUBJECT  
OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN SOUTH-CAROLINA. BY A SOUTH-CAROLINIAN.

THIS is an able essay on the highly interesting subject of which it treats, and deserves, especially at the present juncture, to be in the hands of every Carolinian, who entertains a due appreciation of the rights which he enjoys under the federal compact. Here are arguments from scripture, from history, from fact, and from reason, which ought to be sufficient to convince the most stubborn abolitionist. But can we expect that he will listen to them? If he would, he might learn that there are many things worse than mere physical—mere nominal slavery—we say *nominal* slavery, because we believe, sincerely, that there is, in fact, as much, and perhaps, more real slavery existing at the North than at the South. It is true, we do not hear there of the relations of master and slave, but still they exist in the fullest extent, and the only difference between the Northern and the Southern slaveholder is, that the latter is more honest than the former—and between Northern and Southern slaves is,—that the former are held in a state of actual and intolerable bondage—a bondage both of the soul and the body, while the latter exist in a state of comparative freedom, and enjoy most of the comforts to which life is heir. Let them, for an example of physical slavery, look to the operatives of their own factories—to the little children and the delicate females whose dreams and visions are broken in upon at the sweet moment when fancy has begun to paint for them a scene of imaginary happiness—who are roused up to their diurnal and laborious duties at the first watch of the morning, and are not permitted to leave them till the sun sinks below the horizon. Let them look to the honest yeomanry who obtain their living by the cultivation of the soil, and who, either upon their own farms, or, in the character of hirelings, upon those of others, spend the weary hours of ‘the live-long day,’ in laborious manual effort, at the plough, the scythe or the sickle. Who enjoys, in fact, the longest intervals of repose from hard and oppressive labor—the Northern operative? the Northern farmer? the Northern mechanic?—or the Southern slave? Most unquestionably the last. He has, in sober reality, more of all the immunities of natural and physical liberty, than those who boast so loudly of their rights and privileges. And as to moral slavery—where does it exist to the most alarming extent? Let the abolitionists bear in mind, that he who subdues his passions—he, in whose breast reason and the sense of justice are predominant—that he is the only real freeman, and that the individual who is driven hither and thither by the waywardness of bad and mischievous passions, is a miserable slave. Let them remember—that he who most rigidly adheres to the principles of the Federal Constitution is, in America, the truest patriot, and not the man who would destroy that sacred instrument, amalgamate all ranks, disarrange the structure of the whole social compact, and place master and servant on the same level in all particulars—and that to clothe the naked, feed the hungry, support the little ones and the aged, and afford to the houseless a home—which constitute the ordinary

duties which the master feels bound to perform for the benefit of his slaves—although it may not raise the former to the vaunted rank of an abolitionist, may still secure for him the higher and more enviable title of a christian. Let them, in a word, root out every evil from their own hearts, and from the breasts of those who surround them—let them make their own domestic circles the abodes of peace, happiness and contentment—let them effect a thorough reformation in the moral habits of their immediate friends and companions—of their fellow-citizens—the inhabitants of their own States, which are their proper sphere of action and enterprise, and when they have done all this, (which will take them at least half a century,) we will then consent to hear patiently all they have to say about our domestic institutions.

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**THE BROTHERS: A TALE OF THE FRONDE.**—This is a new novel, published in America, by an Englishman, and on a subject of French history. The combination is somewhat curious; for, in the lofty contempt which John Bull has, at all periods, entertained for Monsieur, his neighbor, he has not often condescended to avail himself of the materials furnished by his history. Of late days, however, things are changing materially with both the parties, and the combination alluded to, in the work before us, is not so greatly calculated to surprise, as it would have been some few years ago. The wars of the Fronde, and the mimic contests which gave a name to the era, are familiar enough, doubtless, to the reader of French history. To those who are not so, the author of ‘The Brothers’ has given a very clear, succinct and well-written introductory chapter on the subject, sufficiently explanatory for the progress of his story. At this point, however, we need not linger; for the story, though closely coupled, in some respects, with the events of the time and nation, is yet so distinct in itself, that the generality of those who read ‘The Brothers,’ will most probably look no farther than its pages for the necessary information.

This work is evidently the production of a gentleman and a scholar—of one, not only considerably imbued with the spirit of romance, but with the spirit of the peculiar time of which he writes. His pictures, in many instances, are very life-like—such, we may instance, is that of Mazarin, the wily, calculating cardinal; the scheming politician, reckless of all but his purpose, and scrupling at little in its attainment. Such, too, is the picture of the noble Anne of Austria.

The story of the novel itself is interesting, though we should say, the incidents are too like one another for variety, and give something of stiffness to the narrative. The author dwells with rather too much earnestness on minor matters of description, and his language is not often relaxed from the loftier tones of romance; it is sometimes superior to the occasion. But in compensation for this, we have a manly, a noble, and, at the same time, a delicate spirit pervading the whole performance. There is no looseness of speech or thought—no low resemblances—nothing which the elevated mind and the pure fancy would find reason to reject or rebuke. A severe sentiment of propriety—a high regard for the sex, forbidding all show of licentiousness—are conspicuous throughout; and the lofty tone and sense of chivalry, in its best days, would justly give countenance to its true presentment in ‘The Brothers.’ We cordially commend the new comer to our readers, and bid the author a hearty welcome to the field of honorable competition.

## NOTICES.

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To CORRESPONDENTS.—We acknowledge the receipt of communications from Professor Nott, Dr. Dickson, Mr. Snow, Mr. Chapman, Bishop ENGLAND, and several others, which are safely deposited in the drawer of our Arm-chair, for our next number.

\*.\* We hope our first number will give satisfaction to the public. We fear it may be regarded by some as of too serious cast. We can assure you that the articles are most of them from the pens of our best writers. The author of the first paper is evidently of the Channing school, and does not, we think, fall much, if any, below "the master." His article, vivid and comprehensive, fully embody our conception of what American Literature ought to be. The poetical pieces may be easily traced to their authors, except in those cases where there is no acknowledgment and no signature. The author of the LONE STAR will kindly favor us with her initials, but we assure her that however great her courts concealment, she cannot be hid, and we predict that she will ere long, constitute a bright and glorious star in our poetical horizon. The EXORCISER, is from a distinguished pen—well known in this country, and reminds us of those beautiful stanzas, "The Rose had been plucked," &c., with which it may be favorably compared. We commend the spirited article on the AGRICULTURE of the North, to the special attention of our readers. Two or three typographical errors have crept into the text in the fourth and fifth pages of our articles, for which we have no other apology to offer than the hurry of preparation and the novelty of our duties.

To our PATRONS.—We are sorry to commence in the character of beggars. We know the terms upon which you became subscribers, and the heavy expenses which we have already incurred in publishing the interests of the 'Journal,' compel us to present ourselves to you in this relation. We have no right to call upon you for your subscriptions until the expiration of six months, but where it is perfectly certain, that immediate payment is highly desirable and in therefore required.

ments may be made in this city, either to the Editor or the Printer—and from subscribers at a distance, the money may be conveyed by the mail directly to us, or paid, into the hands of our agents, who are requested to transmit it. The names of those paying up their subscriptions will hereafter be published on the 3d page of the cover, which publication will be tantamount to a receipt.

Mr. D. J. Dowling informs us, that he proposes to establish (in connection with the son of the author) a library edition of Remond's History of South-Carolina, in two volumes, Royal Octavo, comprising from 4 to 500 pp. each, and will put it to press in a few months, should the list of subscribers warrant the expense necessary. We understand that the work will be under the supervision of a gentleman of our State of high literary attainments, who will continue the work up to such time as may be deemed necessary. The history is a valuable one, and the publishers deserve patronage and encouragements, and we hope will receive it.

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